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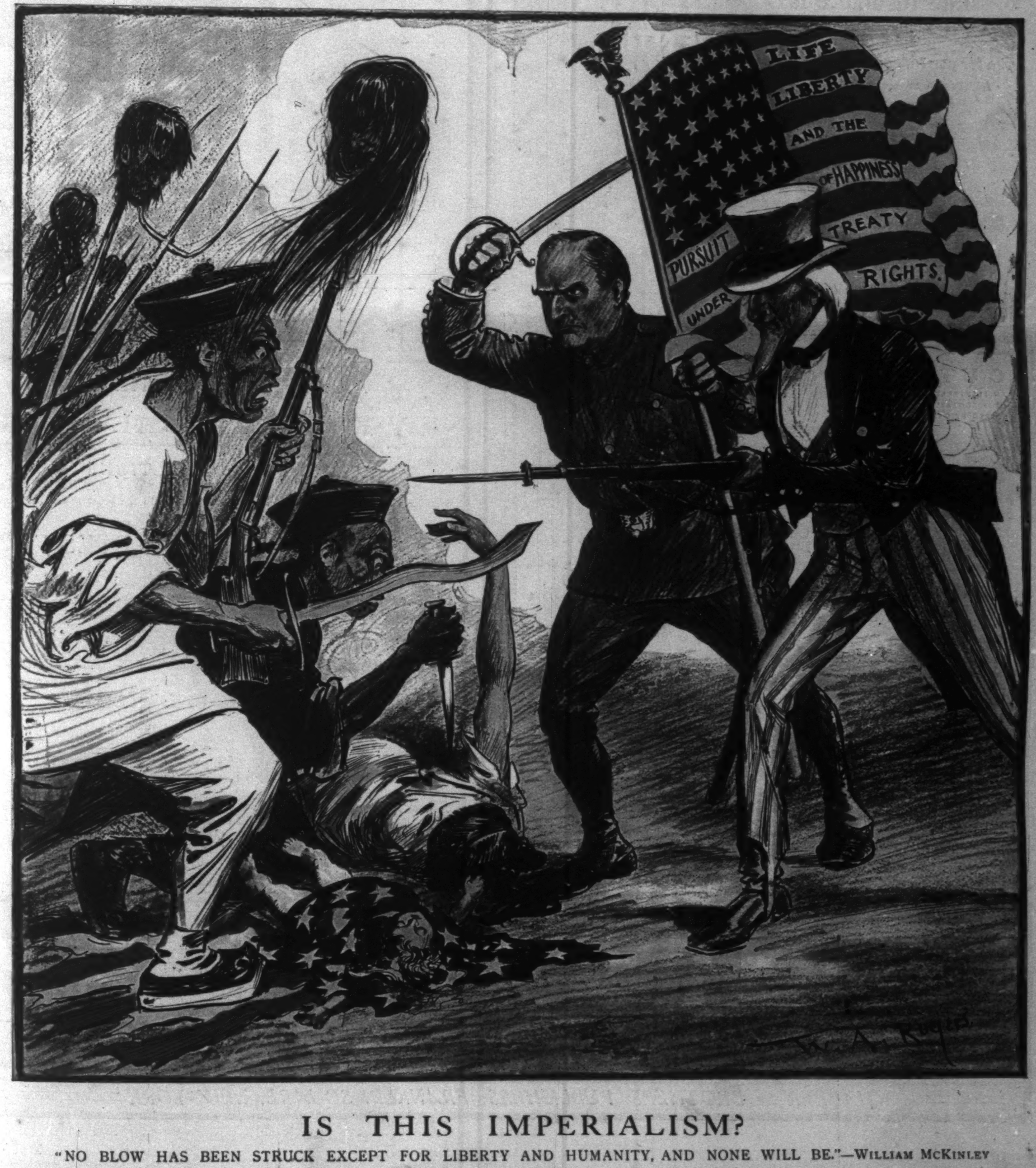
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JULY 28: 1900



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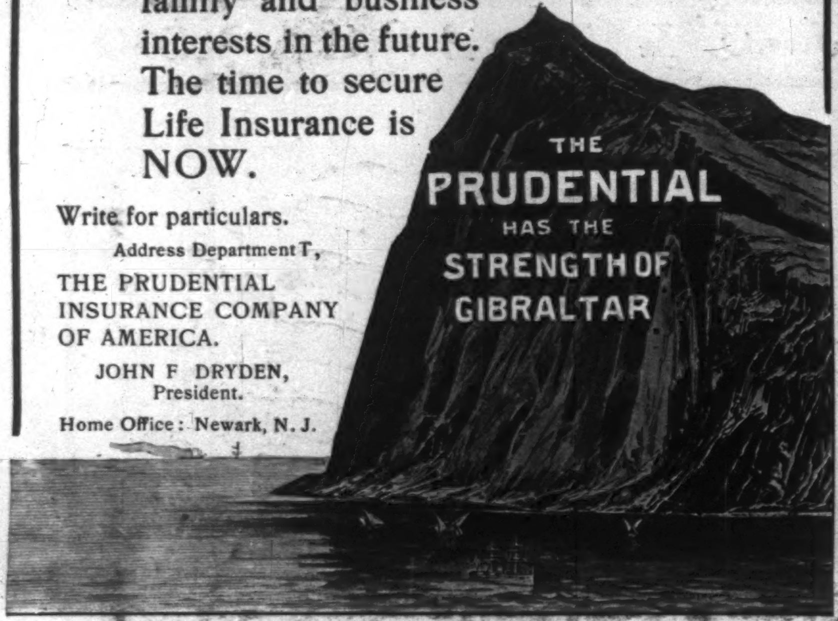

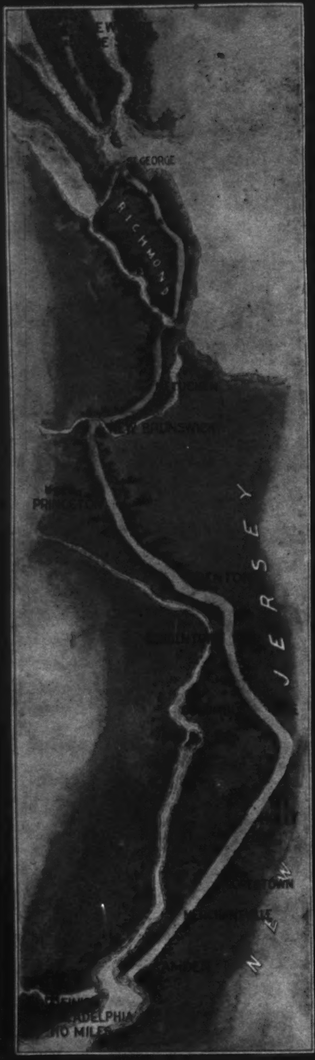

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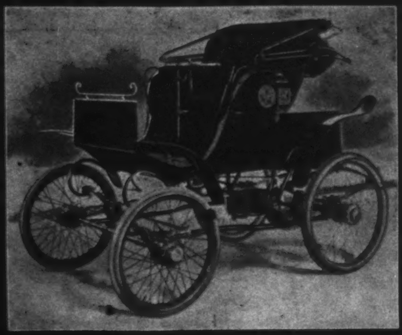

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Vol. XLIV. No. 2275

HARPER'S WEEKLY

July 28 1900

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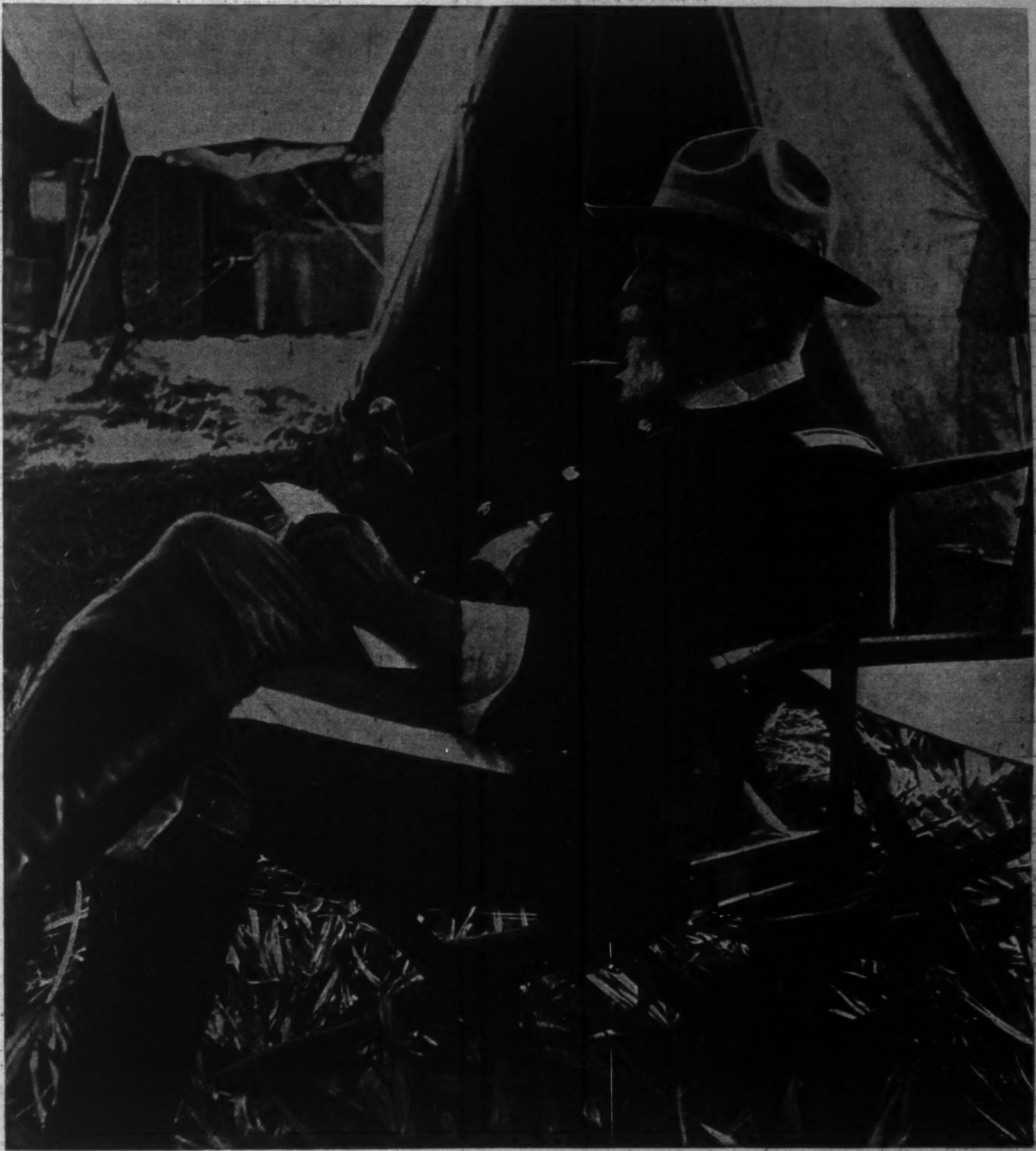

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Mr. Bryan's Honesty

THERE are a number of reasons advanced in their own justification by those who propose to support Mr. BRYAN in spite of their abhorrence of the measures for which he stands. One man likes him because he has proven himself to be an honest man; another prefers him to Mr. MCKINLEY because Mr. MCKINLEY is an Imperialist; and still others voice the old cry that the country needs a change. The Imperialistic cry is respectable only because certain individuals like Mr. SCHURZ and Senator HOAR are found giving voice to it. For campaign purposes Mr. HOAR realizes that it is not worth talking about. Mr. SCHURZ is, as usual, an irreconcilable, as all men who sit apart from the world, and in the comfortable seclusion of the study reason things out from theory, are apt to be. That Mr. SCHURZ has gone over to BRYAN and Bryanism is a sad development, which his friends and admirers, who are many, deeply regret, but over which they can manifest no surprise, since Mr. SCHURZ is of that peculiar type of individual who must always be against something, regardless of consequences. He is a dreamer whose constant and very rude awakenings do not seem to have cured him of the habit of dreaming.

As to the reason that the country demands a change, this is in its essence no more justified than the Imperialistic scare. We have always with us persons who want things to be otherwise than they are. These are, as a rule, men who do not take the trouble to think deeply, who are suspicious by nature, and to whom the long continuance in power of one party or another is a sure indication of corruption somewhere. These unfortunates cannot sleep well at night under any circumstances, because their minds are troubled always by what they conceive to be their duty in the matter of preserving the public conscience, of which they seem to think themselves not only the guardians but the sole possessors. They think well of no one but themselves, and in nine cases out of ten are unable to eat the simplest kind of food without suffering later from bad dreams and the pangs of indigestion. The fact that the country is happy and prosperous under the existing régime cuts no figure with them. They are blasé with mere happiness and prosperity and want to become happier and more prosperous on a margin. They would rather speculate on BRYAN than bank on MCKINLEY. Fortunately the American people are not a dyspeptic race, and these persons are, therefore, an inconsiderable factor among the electors.

The third class are more numerous and to that extent more dangerous. It is the voter who believes Mr. BRYAN to be an honest man who is to be feared at this juncture. Let us consider his faith for a moment. Up to a certain point we must ourselves be classed among those who believe Mr. BRYAN to be what the world considers an honest man personally. We do not for a moment entertain the suspicion that the Populist candidate would appropriate to his own use and profit a material object that belonged to somebody else. We would trust Mr BRYAN with any number of silver dollars that we happened to own, and would be absolutely confident that when we asked to have them back we would get them to the very last fifty-third cent. We would trust BRYAN the man as far as we would trust MCKINLEY the man, and that is implicitly, in so far as any material object placed in his hands was involved. But BRYAN the man and BRYAN the statesman are very different individuals, and it is difficult to determine where the honesty of the one leaves off and the dishonesty of the other begins. Certainly a statesman who advocates the payment of a hundred cents' worth of debt with fifty-three cents' worth of cash is not scrupulously careful of his honor. Certainly an individual who objects to the preservation of law and order by the authority of the courts or of the Executive is not far removed from the rioter himself, who lays no claim to distinction because he is honest. Certainly a man who advocates the ratification of an agreement between two parties and then vituperates one of the parties thereto for doing so is not in the strict sense of the word a sincerely honest individual. Certainly a man who for his own advancement, public or private, raises a cry which he knows to be false cannot be considered of spotless integrity. Certainly a man who after dictating with all the strenuous vigor of a despot a certain policy pretends that another policy is paramount, and that the thing he has fought tooth and nail to get is comparatively unimportant, is not a person of whom we can confidently say that he is honest. Certainly a man who panders to the lowest passions of the people in a time when they are much in need of steadying cannot be classed among the men who are wholly honorable.

It is undoubtedly true that Mr. BRYAN would not under any circumstances make away with a hat, or an overcoat, or an umbrella, or a government bond that happened to lie handy and to belong to somebody else, but this is by no means the test of a man's intrinsic honesty. It is plain that he is no hypocrite; we are confident that he never committed any overt act of dishonesty in his life, but for so long a time as he chooses to stand as the advocate of vicious political principles, as the very incarnation of repudiation, not only in matters of finance, but in respect to the administration of law and the preservation of order, neither he nor his followers may justifiably complain if politically his integrity falls under suspicion.

It is not conceivable that an individual holding the views on questions of public import that Mr. BRYAN holds has not somewhere in his nature a streak not of immorality, but of unmorality. We must admit that in Mr. BRYAN's case it is a disease rather than a vice, but that is a sad fact which makes him all the more dangerous in the present emergency.

A low moral tone is a good thing to keep out of power in a country like our own. Views that might be expected of a politician of the CROKER stamp are unworthy of a man who aspires to sit in the chair of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN.

The Reward of Croker

SPEAKING of RICHARD CROKER, it is difficult to see how, if Mr. BRYAN is elected, the latter can evade the payment of the political debt he will owe the New York boss. Mr. CROKER has already done great service to the BRYAN cause, and must in the nature of things come in for some substantial reward in the event of a party victory. Precisely what the reward will be is, of course, not wholly clear at this time. It will doubtless lie along the lines of patronage, however, and Mr. CROKER may yet become a Federal as well as a State and municipal power. We say this because it is hardly possible that even with his marked predilection for English society Mr. CROKER would find the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James to his liking, and the fees of the consul-generalship at London, large as they are, would hardly tempt him from the more lucrative pursuits in which he is engaged at home. Outside of a cabinet portfolio, which we do not think even Mr. BRYAN would offer him, there are but two alternatives—the one we have indicated, by which Mr. CROKER would "expand" and control the Federal patronage, and the other his appointment on the Philippine Commission with Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. ATKINSON in order to bring about the fulfilment of his party's contractionist promises. We fancy the latter would appeal to his taste, since there is a rich opportunity for Tammanyizing in the Philippine Islands, but we doubt if after all Mr. CROKER could be induced to go so far from Fourteenth Street,—the organization always makes such an ass of itself when he is absent.

Whatever Mr. CROKER gets, what a pleasing thought it is to those who know the man and are familiar with his methods to realize that under a possible contingency he may yet take his place in the councils of the Federal government!

No Imperialism Here

THE surest and best answer to the charge of Imperialism which has been made against the Administration by certain timorous souls and by a wofully misled party is to be found in the policy of Mr. MCKINLEY and his cabinet in the matter of China. True or untrue, the news that has come to us in the past month of the doings in Asia has been such that ordinarily sane and usually conservative minds are filled with rage against the offenders. It is impossible for any man with blood in his veins to sit quiet and to accept with equanimity the story of slaughter at Peking, comprising as it does the possibility of outrage upon women and the torture of children. Any nation that should choose to pour its forces into the Chinese Empire for the purpose of visiting summary vengeance upon the perpetrators of the crime would not be lacking in justification, and a simon-pure Imperialist, such as Mr. MCKINLEY is alleged by his enemies to be, would undoubtedly by this time have set the wheels to moving for a war of revenge and conquest. The wise and conservative attitude of the Administration from first to last in this crisis is the most convincing evidence that the cry of Imperialism, or, as some of them now have it, Militarism, is vain and empty.

A Test of Patriotism

IT is equally true that as the Chinese crisis offers an opportunity properly to measure the President's Imperialism, so does it also present a chance to estimate with some degree of certainty the precise quality of the patriotism of his opponents. Far be it from us to say that patriotism requires that the citizens of this nation should always support the Administration, right or wrong, but there are times and conditions when there must be no faltering in the matter of loyalty. We are at this moment going through such a period. It is probably the fact that there was never in the history of this republic a more vexatious problem than that which now confronts Mr. MCKINLEY. For what he does there is no precedent to guide him. The problems which he has to solve he must solve for himself and upon his own responsibility. Whatever he may do, no right-minded man can doubt that, in view of the extreme gravity of the situation, the President is as anxious as any idealist can be to do exactly the right thing and at the right time; and this being so, no individual, or set of individuals, is justified in subjecting him to the annoyance and disheartening effect of captious criticism.

The man who, like J. HAMILTON LEWIS, for instance, tries to make political capital out of his opposition to the policy of the Administration in this Chinese mix-up, is lacking in the qualities which go to make up the best in American character. In an emergency of this nature the man who occupies the Presidential chair is not a party man, but is the American people, the outward and visible sign of their power and their principles, and he is entitled to their loyal support. On domestic questions and on questions of merely academic import men may reasonably differ, but when it comes to a condition such as that which now confronts us, new and hitherto undreamed of, it is clearly our duty to put up a united front before the rest of the world.

He who does otherwise is not worthy to be classed among the true patriots of the country.

The Significance of the Bust

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *Times*, appears to be of the opinion that the marble effigy of the Populist candidate before which so many of the delegates at Kansas City bowed down at their recent orgie of deliberation may have typified a feeling of idolatry toward Mr. BRYAN on the part of his followers. We find it difficult to believe this. We worship strange gods in this land perhaps, but not even a Popocrat would bend the knee to an ordinary mortal, such as Mr. BRYAN, for political reasons, must insist upon remaining. As a matter of fact the effigy was nothing more than a sadly prophetic symbol of the fate that is in store for the candidate. The "bust" of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN will be complete on the sixth day of November, 1900, along about four o'clock in the afternoon.

MR. McKINLEY'S SPEECH of ACCEPTANCE

IN his brief speech, at Canton, accepting the nomination, Mr. McKinley uttered words that will ring and echo throughout the land. The speech was convincing because it was true, persuasive because it was sincere, eloquent because it was simple, and irresistibly winning because of the courage, the common-sense, and the patriotism that inspired it. Its appeal was made solely to that intelligence and love of country among the people which constitute the secure bulwarks of the nation's liberty and prosperity.

Mr. McKinley began by pointing to the Republican Administration's faithful fulfilment of promises in the past as the best possible guarantee of the fulfilment of promises in the future. He invited a comparison between the conditions that existed when he assumed office and those which now prevail. Then the industries of the country were prostrate; now they enjoy a prosperity more abounding than any that was ever known before in this or any other country. Then working-men by hundreds of thousands were unemployed and in want; now employment eagerly presses itself upon every man who is possessed of the willingness and the capacity to work. Then wages were distressingly low; now they are higher than ever before in history.

These are facts familiarly known to the "plain people." They need no statistics to emphasize their significance. But the story of prosperity's recovery during the last three and a half years does not end here by any means. When Mr. McKinley and a Congress in sympathy with the policies he was elected to carry out assumed charge of administration and legislation, the domestic trade of the country was stagnant beyond precedent in many years past; now it is greater in volume and far richer in profit to those who carry it on than at any previous time since inter-State commerce became a large factor in our national life. In 1897, the people, farmers and operatives alike, were too poor to buy anything but the barest necessities of life; now they are earning a surplus and spending it freely in maintaining a higher level of living, in the more general and more generous education of their children, and in the betterment of their condition in every other way. When Mr. McKinley was inaugurated our export trade consisted almost wholly of farm products, mineral oils, and the like. To-day we are exporting a multitude of highly finished articles of manufacture, representing the labor and paying the wages of a great army of workmen of every class and kind. Then the public revenues were insufficient to meet the necessary expenditures of the government; now, although a costly war and other circumstances have entailed heavy outlays, there is a large and increasing surplus in the Treasury, and one of the welcome duties of Congress, at its next session, will be to relieve the people of a large part of the taxes they have hitherto paid.

During the Democratic administration preceding Mr. McKinley's, the public debt was increased by the issue of hundreds of millions of bonds at high rates of interest; since Mr. McKinley's inauguration, notwithstanding the extraordinary drains made upon the Treasury by the Spanish war and its resultant events, the debt has been reduced, and the public credit raised to a higher level than that of any other nation on earth. Thanks to wise legislation and sagacious administration we have refunded more than three hundred millions of our 3, 4, and 5 per cent. bonds at the low interest rate of 2 per cent., and have every promise of a like reduction in the interest rate on the rest of the debt, if in the coming election the people shall put the needed emphasis of overwhelming majorities into their final condemnation of the Bryanite threat of repudiation and financial dishonor.

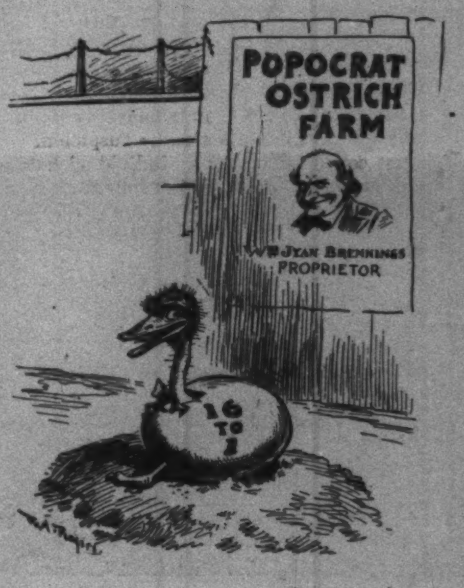
We quote Mr. McKinley's own tersely eloquent summary of these facts of public record:

"We have lower interest and higher wages; more money and fewer mortgages. The world's markets have been opened to American products, which go now where they have never gone before. We have passed from a bond-issuing to a bond-paying nation; from a nation of borrowers, to a nation of lenders; from a deficiency of revenue to a surplus; from fear to confidence; from enforced idleness to profitable employment. The public faith has been upheld. Public order has been maintained. We have prosperity at home and prestige abroad."

That last sentence will ring in American ears like a clarion call to duty. "Prosperity at home and prestige abroad!" Individual welfare and national honor! What more or better could any people ask? And what intelligent people would think of sacrificing these supreme advantages in mad experiments at the suggestion of visionaries who insanely assert their ability to make two and two equal something other than four?

That is precisely what the Kansas City platform, in words chosen by Mr. Bryan himself, asks the American people to do. Mr. McKinley sees clearly, as all men of sense must see, that the Democratic candidate for President has made coinage debasement in fact the paramount issue of the campaign, that in the platform which he forced upon the convention that nominated him he challenges the verdict rendered by the people four years ago, and deliberately threatens, if elected with a Congress of his own kind, to undo the progress achieved, and fling away the prosperity in which the country now so greatly rejoices. "The threat of 1896," Mr. McKinley says, "has just been renewed by the allied parties without abatement or modification." He might truthfully have said that emphasis has been added to that threat by the rhetorical fervor in which the candidate has couched it, and still more by the way in which he bullied his convention into adopting and proclaiming his destructive purpose. "The menace of 16 to 1," says Mr. McKinley, "still hangs over us with all its dire consequences to credit and confidence, to business and industry. The enemies of sound currency are rallying their scattered forces. The people must once more unite and overcome the advocates of repudiation, and must not relax their energy until the battle for public honor and honest money shall again triumph."

This question between honesty and repudiation, between national honor and national shame, between popular prosperity and the impoverishment of the people, is not only the paramount issue, but the only issue of the campaign, the only thing to which honest, patriotic, and wisely self-regarding voters will give



"WHO SAID I WAS A DEAD BIRD?"

a thought while closeted in the polling-booths this year. When that question is settled, and settled right, and set at rest forever, there will be time for the discussion of minor matters of policy.

Mr. McKinley is much too clear-sighted a statesman not to understand all this. In his speech of acceptance he has put this paramount issue forward with a force and effectiveness which the adversaries of prosperity, the apostles of repudiation, will find it impossible to escape. He next proceeds to expose the futility of the effort made to divert attention from this matter of supreme concern by a burst of platform rhetoric. He deals with the declaration of the Kansas City platform-makers that Imperialism is "the paramount issue of this campaign" in so conclusive a fashion as to leave it no legs to stand upon. He frankly meets his accusers and completely puts them to confusion.

Severely conscious that in all the Administration's dealings with the complex problems growing out of the Spanish war it has been scrupulously regardful of right and justice, and inspired only by considerations of national honor and national duty, he faces the falsely manufactured issue as squarely as if it were a thing of real substance. He makes no apology for having done his duty bravely and wisely in the perplexing circumstances in which events have placed him.

He points to the annexation of Hawaii as a thing done in response to the expressed wish of our own and of the Hawaiian people.

He cites with just pride the fact that in the Hague Conference our delegates gave new emphasis to our determination to enforce the Monroe doctrine on our side of the world, and rigidly to abstain from all participation in the politics of Europe. He reminds us that "we have happily ended the European alliance in Samoa, securing to ourselves one of the most valuable harbors in the Pacific Ocean," with no entangling bargain involving us in the government or even the protection of that group of islands.

Then turning to those larger matters on which the demagogic charge of Imperialism has been founded, Mr. McKinley unflinchingly accepts for his administration and for a Republican Congress the full responsibility for what has been done in the name and by authority of the nation, under unforeseen and most trying circumstances. These circumstances had birth in the war with Spain, which Mr. McKinley properly characterizes as "a just war for humanity," summing up its results on this side of the earth by saying: "Spain has been ejected from the Western Hemisphere, and our flag floats over her former territory. Cuba has been liberated, and our guarantees to her people *will be sacredly executed*. A beneficent government has been provided for Porto Rico."

Concerning the Philippines, he unhesitatingly says, "The Philippines are ours, and American authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago."

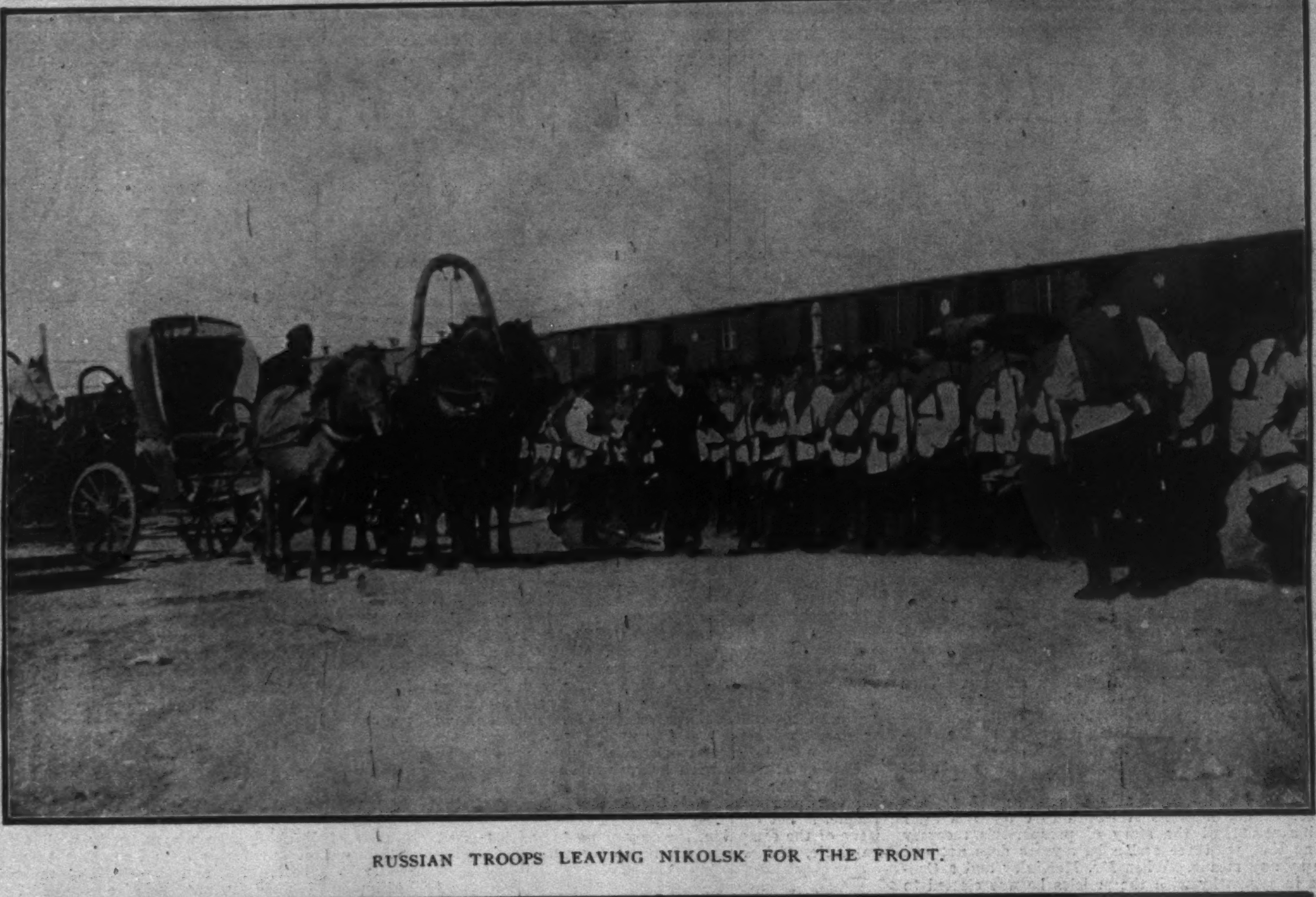
Do the great mass of the American people desire anything else? Is there anywhere a considerable number of thinking men who actually wish for the withdrawal of our forces from Manila, a tame surrender to a beaten foe, and the abandonment of the Philippine Islands to unspeakable anarchy? Do Americans desire our government weakly to shirk responsibilities that have been forced upon it by a war that was not of its seeking? Is there anywhere in American minds a wish that we should withdraw from those possessions and leave them the helpless prey of Germany or some other autocratic, imperial power? "There must be no scuttle policy," says the President, and the great majority of Americans will eagerly echo the sentiment. "There will be amnesty, broad and liberal," he promises, but he gives warning that there will be "*no abatement of our rights, no abandonment of our duty*. We will fulfil in the Philippines the obligations imposed by the triumphs of our arms and by the treaty of peace; by international law, by the nation's sense of honor, and, more than all, by the rights, interests, and conditions of the Philippine people themselves."

For this programme of right, justice, and national honor he confidently asks popular approval. In evidence of his faith he adds a stinging rebuke for the shameful apostasy of those who meanly seek political advantage by advocating national cowardice and offering encouragement to public enemies. "No outside interference," he points out, "blocks the way to peace and a stable government [in the Philippines]. *The obstructionists are here, not elsewhere.* They may postpone but they cannot defeat the realization of the high purpose of this nation to restore order to the islands and to establish a just and generous government in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation of which they are capable."

With regard to the Chinese troubles, the President most emphatically declares the purpose, already clearly indicated, to have no part or lot in the spoliation of the East, but on the contrary to exert to the utmost the nation's influence to prevent such spoliation. "There will be no turning aside," he declares; "no wavering, no retreat," from our purpose to confine our efforts in China to the protection of American citizens there in their lives and property, or failing that, to the exaction of such indemnity for wrongs done, as our treaties with China provide for. Most emphatically he declares that in China "no blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity, *and none will be*."

Yet in China, if anywhere on earth, it would be easy for an Administration inclined to Imperialism to find excuse for aggression. The government of that empire has completely forfeited all claim to respect for its integrity. Either it has made war upon us by butchering our citizens resident in its territories under treaty protection, and even invading our legation territory and slaughtering the diplomatic representative of United States sovereignty, or else it has weakly abandoned its functions and let anarchy loose to wreak its wicked will upon those whom it is our national duty to protect. Under such circumstances the country would have pardoned and the civilized world would have applauded a much more aggressive and vengeful policy on the part of the Administration than any that the President, in his scrupulous regard for right, has permitted to himself.

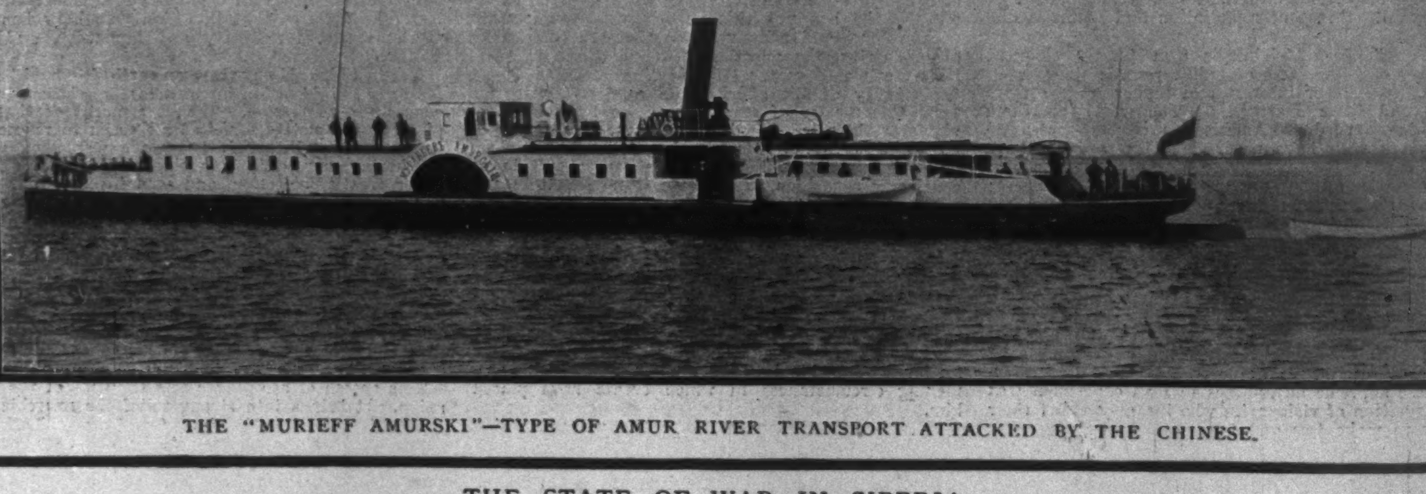
This speech of acceptance sets the tune of the campaign. It brings into strong relief the anarchic and destructive purposes that have found expression in the populistic platform adopted at Kansas City, and it strips off the rhetorical mask behind which the advocates of reaction and chaos have sought to hide their mischievous intent.



RUSSIAN TROOPS LEAVING NIKOLSK FOR THE FRONT.

THE CHURCH AT BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

MAIN STREET OF BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

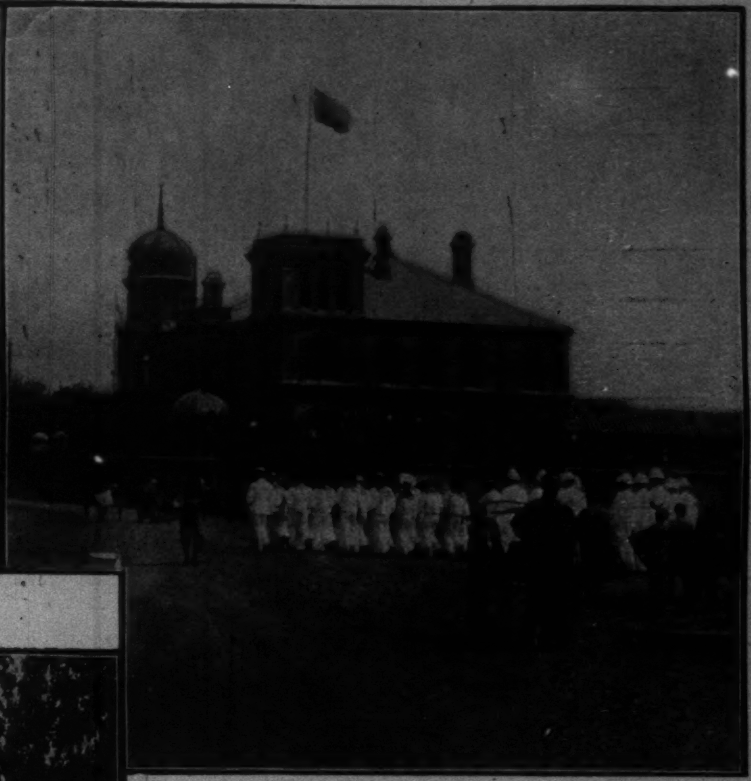


THE "MURIEFF AMURSKI"—TYPE OF AMUR RIVER TRANSPORT ATTACKED BY THE CHINESE.

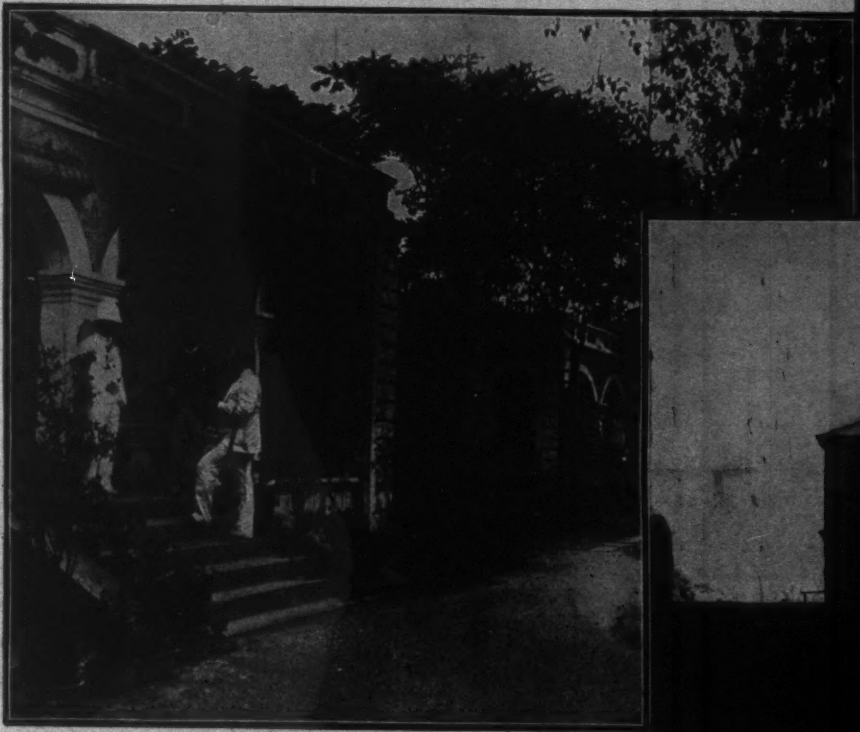
THE STATE OF WAR IN SIBERIA.

The first Conflict between Russian and Chinese Troops occurred at Blagovestchensk, in the Amur District, July 15.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE.

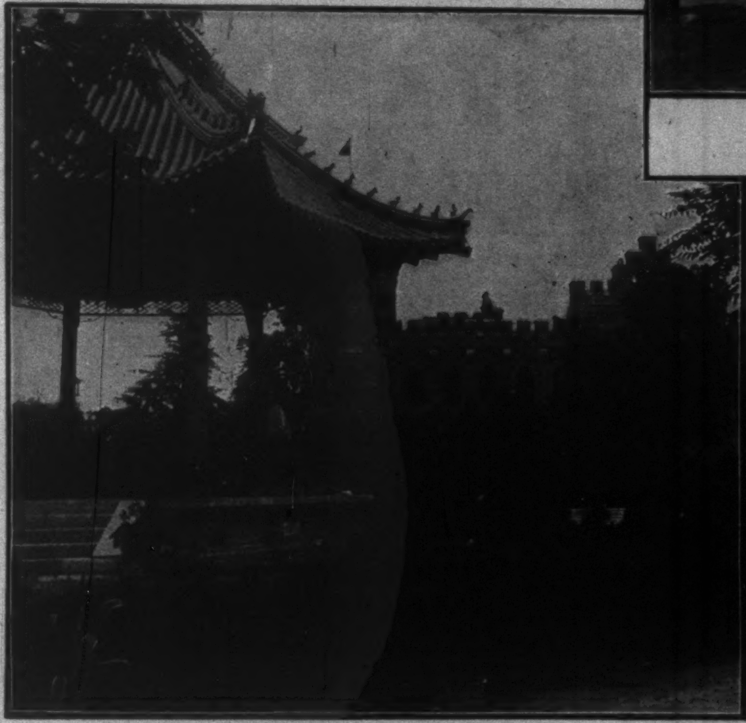


RUSSIAN CONSULATE.



JAPANESE CONSULATE.

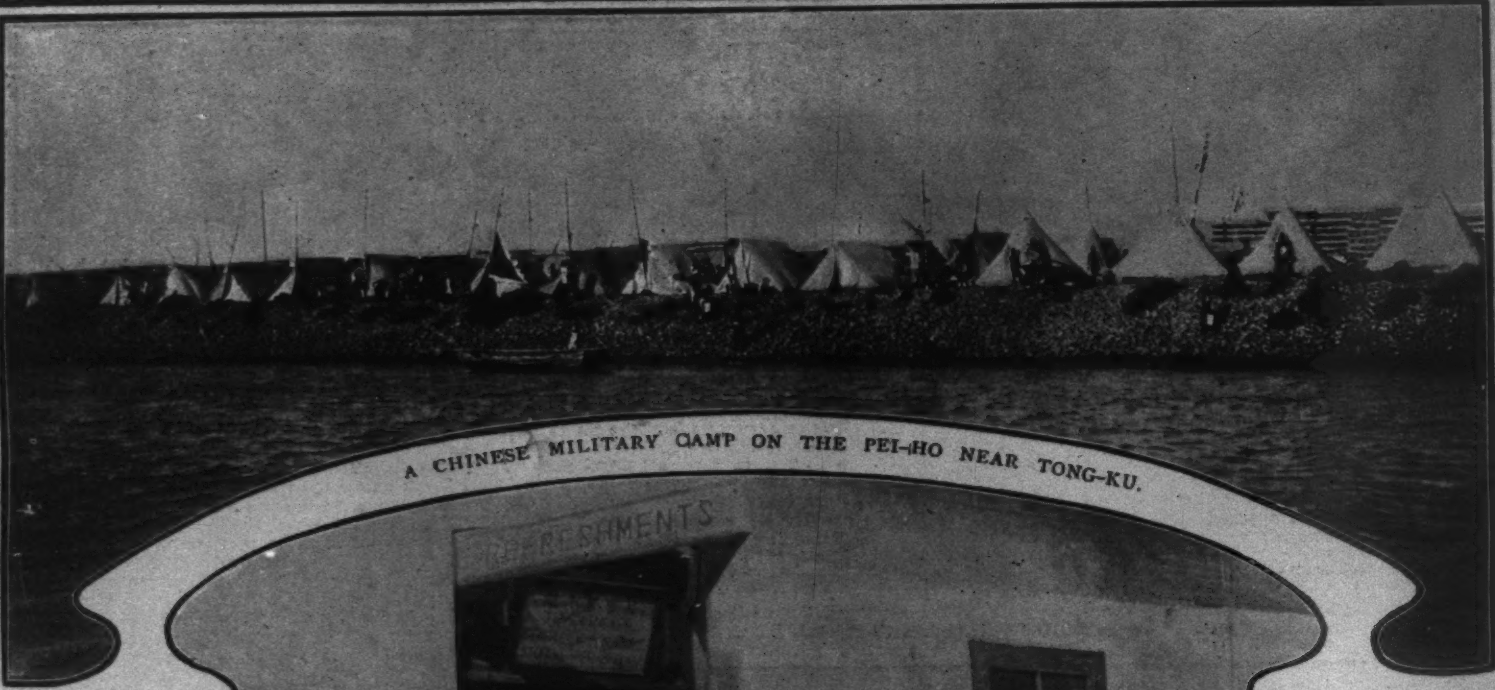
UNITED STATES CONSULATE.



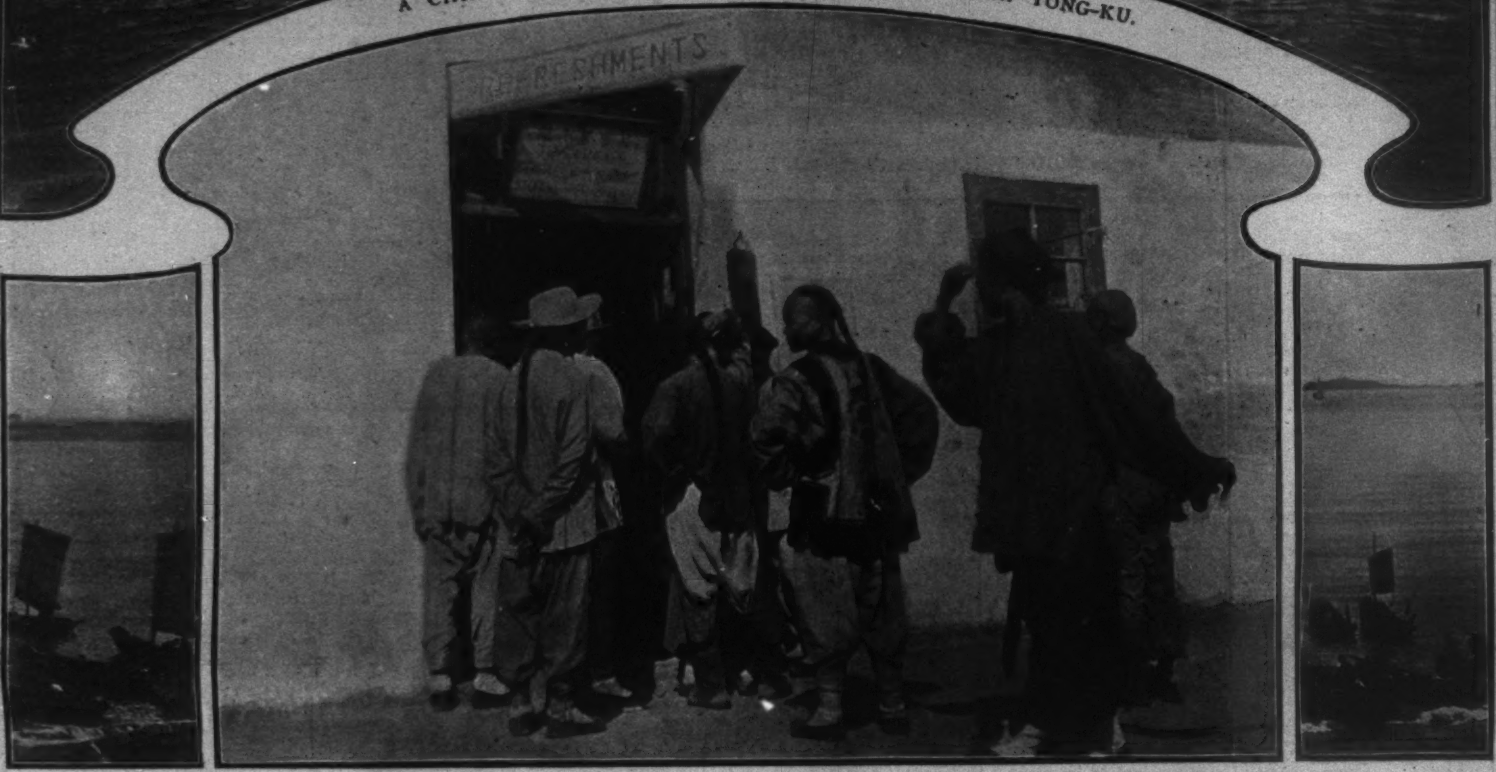
BAND-STAND AND GORDON HALL.

FRENCH CONSULATE.

PRINCIPAL FOREIGN BUILDINGS, TIENTSIN.

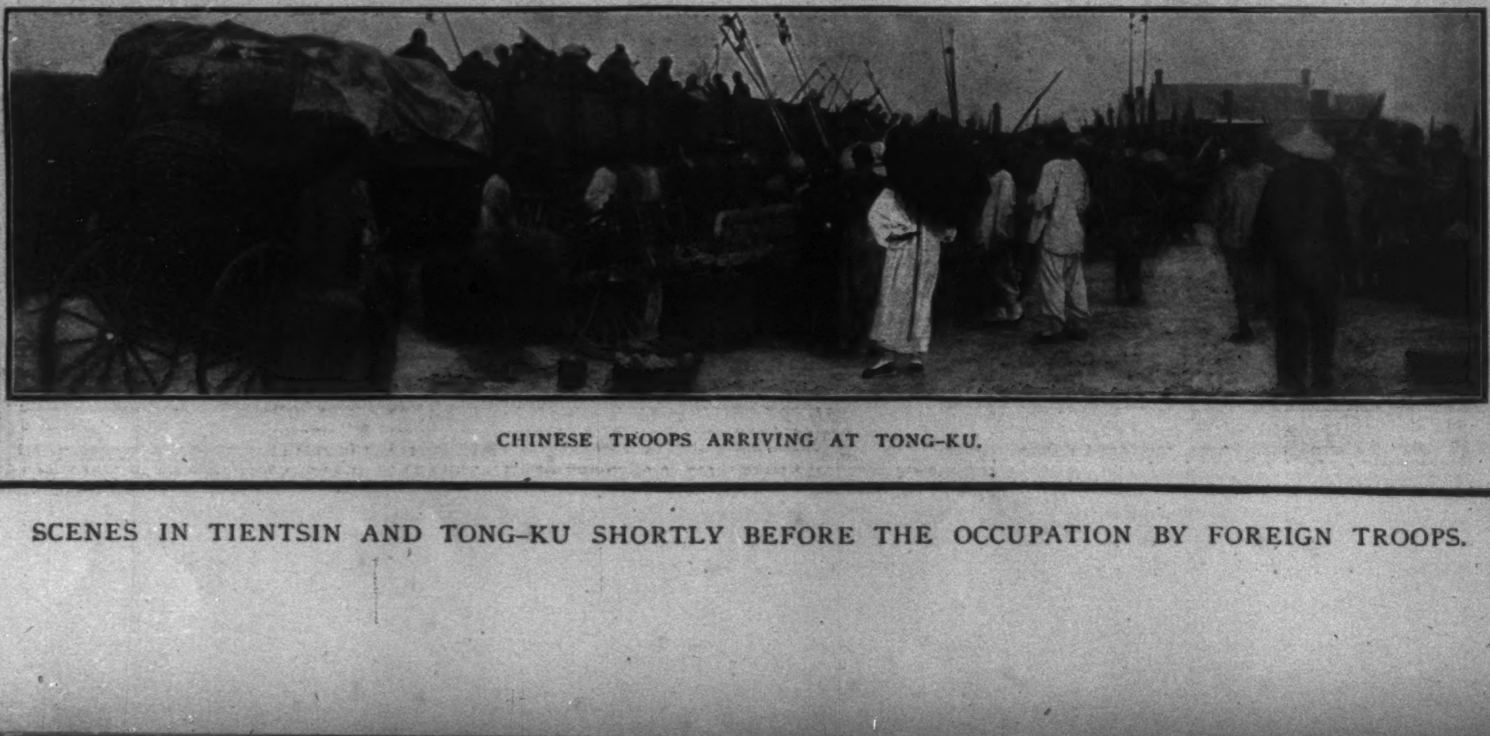


A CHINESE MILITARY CAMP ON THE PEI-HO NEAR TONG-KU.



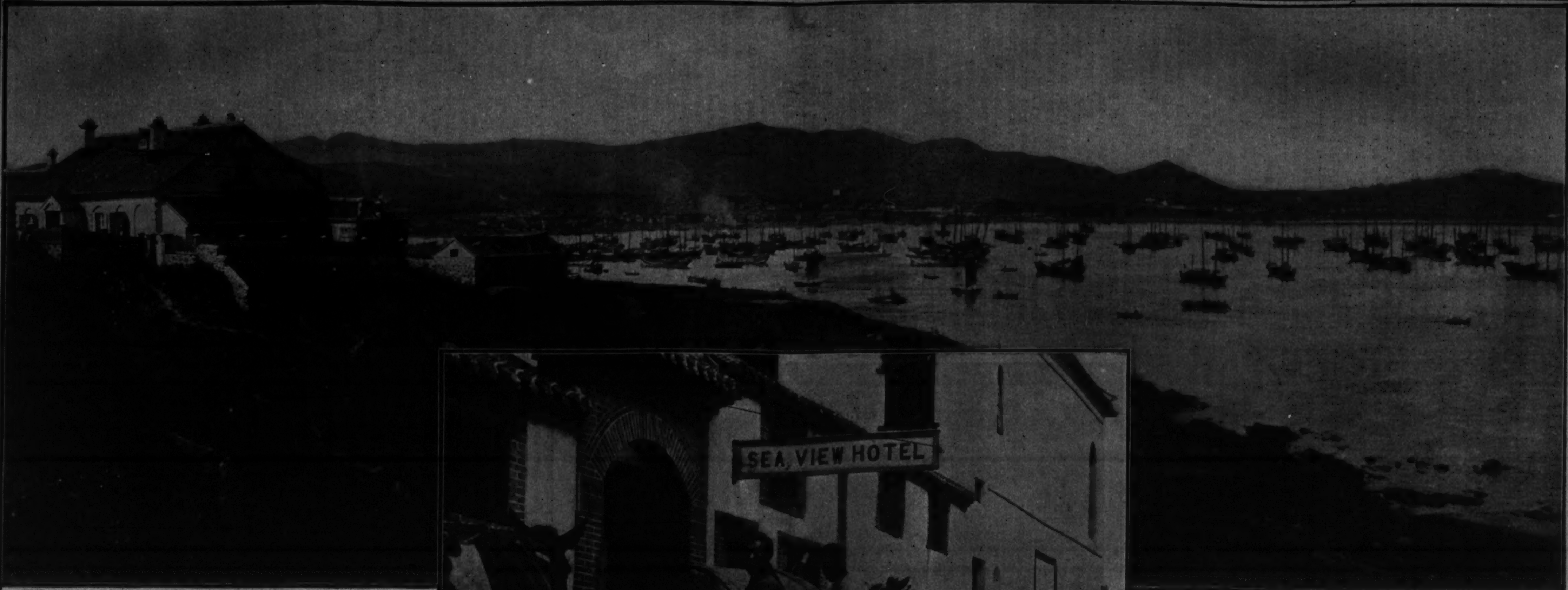
EATING-HOUSE AT THE TONG-KU RAILROAD STATION.

STREET SCENES IN TIENTSIN.



CHINESE TROOPS ARRIVING AT TONG-KU.

SCENES IN TIENTSIN AND TONG-KU SHORTLY BEFORE THE OCCUPATION BY FOREIGN TROOPS.



THE JAPANESE CONSULATE.

THE INNER HARBOR.

THE SEA VIEW HOTEL.

U. S. S. "BALTIMORE" AND "YORKTOWN" ON GUARD.

CONSULATE HILL.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHIFU.

SOME CHINESE IMPRESSIONS

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

PART I

On account of the air of mystery that surrounds him, there is no nationality that awakes our interest so much as the Oriental, and of all the Orientals the most attractive as a character study is the Chinese.

A recent journey in China, in an official capacity, covering a stay in the three great seaports of Tientsin, Shanghai, and Canton, in the capital of the country, Peking, and in the distributing centre, Hankau, and a long journey in the interior, for a large way through the closed and ultra-conservative province of Hunan where the foreigner is unknown, brought me in contact with all classes of society, from the highest officials next to the throne down to the lowest order of peasant, who had perhaps heard of, but never expected to see, a "foreign devil."

The government of the empire, the oldest continuing form of rule in the world, is a bewildering mixture of the most absolute autocracy and liberal democracy, and in that exemplifies the key-note of the character of the nation, viz., the juxtaposition of strange and singular contradictions.

The autocratic part is represented not so much in the will of one man, the ruler, for the system of government has tended more and more to seclude him from popular contact, but in the almost slavish observance and veneration for precedent. What is, is; and what has been done stands as an example for all time or until some extraordinary event establishes a new order. The personality of the ruler and of the leading statesmen, therefore, is not stamped upon the course of affairs, nor are the official personages of the same relative importance that they are in other countries. Government is largely a matter of custom and of precedent.

The democratic side is shown by the fact that, with but few exceptions, rank is not hereditary, and that the meanest of the emperor's subjects may not only aspire to but actually attain the highest place in his councils. Examinations form the basis of political preferment, and these examinations are open to all. But by one of those strange inconsistencies which make the oldest of students of Chinese character timid as to exact determinations, the Chinaman, having elaborated the most perfect system of selection, loses sight entirely of the main object, and so conducts the examinations as to render them practically valueless in really determining the contestant's fitness for anything except writing involved essays on a text from Confucius. I met some Chinamen of the official class, endowed by nature with strong talents that would have insured their rise under any circumstances and had already won the highest of examination honors, who told me that they were endeavoring to forget their Confucius as fast as possible and trying to learn other things.

The most striking trait in the Chinese character, and which is chiefly answerable for the present condition of the country, is exclusiveness. As a nation they have produced great things, but they have been for their own use and not for exchange with other peoples for other ideas. This exclusiveness has operated not only to shut China in from other nations, but has prevented that flow of thought from within outwards and from without inwards, a reciprocal action which is as necessary for the development of a nation as is variation in physical and mental exercises for the development of an individual. The teachings of nature seem to be that a stationary condition is impossible, that motion forwards and backwards is always taking place, and as approach towards perfection is attained a new condition of life is brought about under a course of development: so life leads to death, and death is but a birth for a new life. This law is true for nations as well as for animals and plants. Every great nation of the past has expanded until its limit of growth is reached, when it enters a period of decadence and finally comes to a natural death, giving rise, however, to new nations and new peoples. China seems to be an anomaly; here is a nation which died centuries ago, but which has never been buried, but continues to remain above ground as a sort of vivified mummy. Everywhere in the interior where one turns, one is struck with this deadness and arrest of development, as it were, that occurred some centuries ago. Every writer on China regards the peculiar natural condition from his own point of view, and suggests as the cause the lack of his particular nostrum. The missionary argues that it is necessary to instil in the Chinese a high moral sense, and then all would be well; the writer on material development calls for unlimited railways; the military man for the reformation of the army and navy as the panacea; while the commercial man claims that if enough treaty ports were opened China would soon take care of herself. Any one of these or other similar views is too narrow. A deficiency in moral sense, and the failure to appreciate the benefit of railways or unrestricted commerce, are effects, not causes. The nation is dead; a new birth, a regeneration, a new life is needed; and while each one of the urged reforms is necessary as one of the conditions to bring into existence this new life, no one by itself is sufficient. To produce plant life it is not only necessary to have the seed ready to germinate, but there must also be the required conditions of light, heat, and moisture—no one in itself is enough, and without the proper combination of all three our seed will refuse to bring forth. Such is the condition of China. The seeds for a new life, better and stronger than the past life was even when China was the greatest nation in existence, are there ready to sprout; the potentiality is great; the people are by nature peaceful, law-abiding, industrious, frugal, hard-working, and patient—qualities absolutely essential to produce a great nation, and which under proper conditions must produce one, in the same way that a healthy acorn under the proper conditions must give growth to a sturdy oak.

In examining the characteristics of a people one turns first to the status of education and to the nature and depth of religious belief, and in both of these this deadness is oppressively conspicuous. One

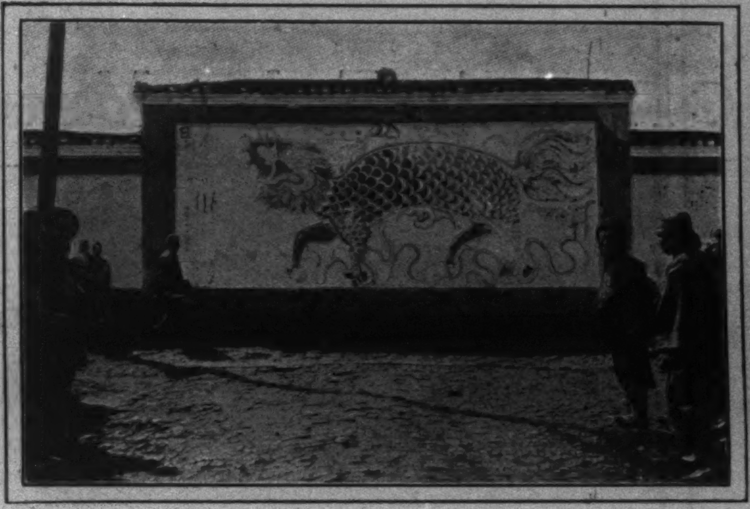
AN INTELLIGENT OFFICIAL.

day while journeying along a highway in Hunan I turned to a bright little boy of apparently about ten years who was in the crowd surrounding me and asked him if he went to school. "Oh yes," he replied, and in answer to a question what he studied, said, with a look that clearly indicated his surprise that any one should ask such a question, "Why, the classics, of course." Not a word about geography or history, even of his own country, to say nothing of others; not a line of science; not a single thought of anything that could do him a bit of good or fit him to be a useful member of society, but merely the teachings of Confucius, who lived twenty-five hundred years ago. An illustration of what this leads to was well shown one night when the local officials of the village where we were stopping called, according to custom, to greet us and arrange for future progress. One of them, a dear old gentleman, who had a laugh that would have made his fortune on the stage in any capital of Europe, inquired what land I came from, if it was far from China, and then whether I came by land or by sea, each question being punctuated by a delicious laugh. To tell him, who considered one hundred miles as a long journey, that I had come over ten thousand miles, was to give the impression of a gross exaggeration, as he had no idea of the size of the earth or where America was, as the question whether it was north or south of China indicated. One of his companions, finding that his friend was quite at sea, finally summoned up courage and rebuked the questioner by pointing out that America was in the Western and China in the Eastern Hemisphere. After other inquiries the first man brightened up and said, "Oh, I know now where your land is; it is between France and Germany," whereupon the second, who had been carefully watching our faces and so perceived that the other was wrong again, repeated his hemisphere remark with a most supercilious and superior air, and as he ventured nothing more there was little doubt that that comprised his whole knowledge of the world's geography, although there was considerable doubt that he really knew what a hemisphere was; and yet these two men held important government positions, and one of them has since been promoted and is on the highroad to still greater places of trust, and to such men the people must look and rely on for their guidance. But this state of affairs must not be confounded with ignorance. These men were ignorant in the sense of being uneducated according to our standards. From a Chinese point of view they were very highly educated, and had spent an amount of time in acquiring their information that would suffice with us to take a man through a leading university and give him a Ph.D. degree. They had a great amount of learning, but it was of no practical value. It was the teachings of the fifth century before Christ rather than the nineteenth century after.

Then, as to their religion: Nominally they possess the Buddhist faith; practically the only religion they have is ancestral worship. Their Buddhist temples, as a general thing, are neglected, the idols dirty and broken, and even subject to sale by the priests if the traveller wishes to carry them away, and nowhere seemingly treated with any veneration or respect, except possibly by the boatmen, who have a sort of superstitious fetich, as is common to the sailor class in all lands. Their ancestors they venerate, and every Chinaman consequently wishes to have a son who will worship at his grave as he has done towards his predecessors. In going across the country one sees occasionally a handsome grave, on which a certain amount of care and thought had been bestowed at the time of its construction, and possibly since; but when one contemplates the usual resting-place of departed Celestials, little hummocks of pyramidal shape, unmarked by any inscription, untended and unkempt, on one hand scattered about in more or less disorder, or on another hand huddled together, one is easily forced to conclude that ancestral worship cannot have any deep-rooted sentiment, and that it is, like the system of government, a matter of precedent, or as the native picturesquely puts it in his pigeon-English, "That b'long ole custom."

At Shanghai, Canton, and even in the interior, there are to be met large buildings, frequently of elaborate and beautiful design, called ancestral temples, where the records of past members of a great family are kept and the honors that individuals have won for the house are properly posted. Here the various branches of the family can meet and worship before the little tablets bearing the names of their fathers and grandfathers. But such buildings have a purpose other than a purely religious one. They provide a place where, at stated times, the scattered members of the clan can come together and see each other. They have, therefore, a social and even tribal function as well.

Reference was made above to the trait of exclusiveness in the Chinese character. No great principle ever stops abruptly in its effects, so this spirit of exclusiveness not only limits the external bearings of the empire, but affects the internal relations of the people as well. Carried out to the logical conclusion it has made the family the supreme unit. To his family, not merely his wife and children, but his family collectively, to the tribal or community relation, as it were, the Chinaman owes his first allegiance; after that to the district; then to the state or province; and finally to the nation. In consequence any real national feeling or pride, or any sense of genuine patriotism, or in fact of any patriotism whatever, is absolutely wanting. The nation as a whole is a great mass without cohesion, and inviting the comparison, which is so frequently made, to a huge jelly-fish. When the war between China and Japan broke out, the men in the interior, provided they were cognizant, which many were not, that a struggle was going on, declared it to be that "Peking man's [Li Hung-chang] war," that he had got into it, therefore let him get out of it, entirely oblivious of the fact that they themselves constituted China, and that no matter who was the author or what the cause, war was on, and war with China meant not war with Li Hung-chang, but war with them. In the same way they have tolerated, with scarcely a protest, the giving away of their national territory. The man from the interior cares not a whit whether Germany occupies Shantung, or whether Russia has seized the Liao-tung peninsula—"that is the pigeon [business] of the Shantung man." On a journey of some thirteen hundred miles between points of civilization



THE DRAGON WHO FRIGHTENS EVIL SPIRITS.

THE EXAMINATION HALL.

which our expedition in its various parts collectively covered, with the single exception of a tug belonging to the China Merchant Steamship Company which, according to the custom of that company, carried the Chinese flag, and which we happened by accident to meet on the Siang River, we saw not a single Chinese national emblem, except the one that I flew on my own junk alongside of the Stars and Stripes. From no official yamen, from no city wall or military camp, was it once displayed. No river gunboat threw it to the breeze, nor did any body of troops carry it at their head. Flags everywhere were in evidence, and in great profusion of colors and design, but they were always of a local or personal nature. The gunboat carried at least two beautiful red ones with huge white characters—the name of the commander. The regiment or guard that marched with us bore standards on which was inscribed the designation of their captain. The flag of China was everywhere absent. There was but one man in that long journey found to do it honor, and that man was a "foreign devil." Undoubtedly there were thousands who saw for the first time the flag with the yellow field and a blue dragon, and which they supposed to be the fanciful and decorative creation of the foreigner's mind.

In thinking of the Chinaman we frequently make the error of vastly underrating his mental ability, especially in the direction of alertness. We regard his stolidity and tenacity to his own ways as precluding him from grasping another's point of view. But even from my short experience I am convinced that such is far from being the case. The Chinaman naturally prefers his own way of accomplishing a given end, but that does not prevent him from seeing the line of thought and action of a mind trained in methods diametrically opposite from his. On one occasion, when the regular nightly council of local officials was being held to arrange plans for the next day's march of the expedition, I stated my desires, a suggestion which immediately met, as was not infrequently the case, with their very strong opposition and with a proposition that I must follow a highway in quite a different direction, for so the Governor had ordered. The officials were firmly but politely informed that the Governor was not the chief engineer, and therefore not responsible for the survey. When they realized that I was set upon my own course they adopted the usual Chinese custom of indirectness, and began to assure me that it was impossible for me to go the way I proposed, as there were high mountains and deep rivers intervening which were quite impassable. According to Chinese custom I should have accepted such circumlocution, although they not only knew it was untrue, but knew that I knew it was untrue, because they were well aware that I had made a personal reconnaissance in advance to develop the feasibility of the route proposed. At this juncture one of the officials, who at the outset had behaved in exactly the same way by raising all sorts of absurd objections and then in the end doing without difficulty what he had previously insisted was impossible, leaned across the table and said in an undertone to his coadjutors: "Don't talk to that man about mountains and rivers; he does not mind that language. When you talk to him you must talk to the point." Two weeks' intercourse had sufficed to make him understand direct, straightforward methods. One of these officials who that night had been chief in resistance accompanied us for four hundred miles, and developed into one of the very best men we had, dropping his indirect ways and talking to the point.

A NEGLECTED TEMPLE.

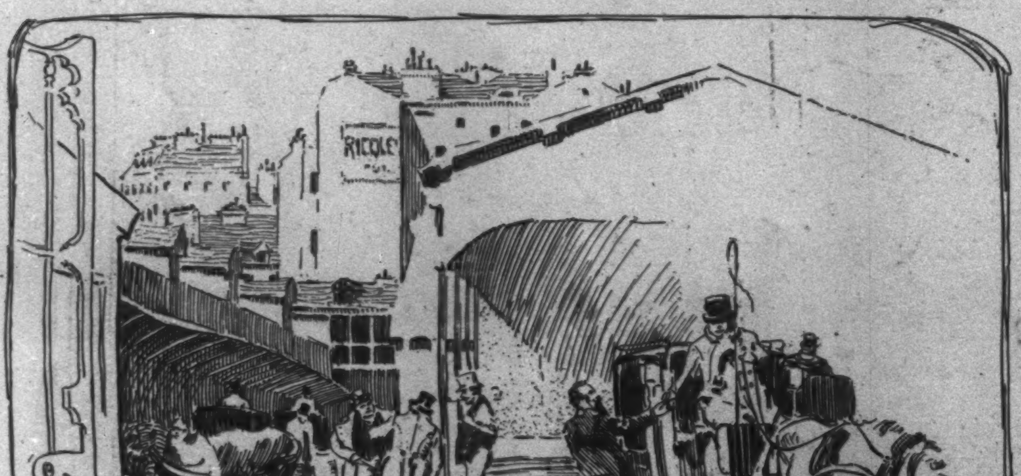
The personal bearing of the upper-class Chinaman, even in the interior where he never comes in contact with the outer world, is kindly, courteous, and polite, and quite up to what is found in similar classes in other countries, to which we apply the term "civilized." On my inland journey, when approaching a town or city, I was invariably met, at some distance outside the walls, by a subofficial representing the chief magistrate, who handed me the latter's card and bade me welcome. A Chinese card is a piece of thin red paper, about six inches long and three wide, with the name printed in bold, black characters. There are fashions in cards corresponding with ours. Some high officials affect large cards as indicative of rank. Other persons, when leaving cards on persons of position, use characters of microscopic size as suggesting great inferiority on the part of the caller—a very pretty compliment, but one whose sincerity, like other compliments, is open to question—and period of mourning is indicated by a small character in an upper corner. On reaching my quarters, usually a temple, the local officials immediately called, those of junior rank merely leaving their cards without troubling me, and those of higher rank sending in their cards and waiting for an interview if I desired one. The etiquette of leaving cards and immediately returning calls is more rigorous than with us. On first meeting with an official, conversation was naturally formal and stilted, but on subsequent occasions small-talk would flow as easily as the limitations of interpreting both ways would permit. In some cases, where acquaintance was developed by being fellow-travellers, we found among those people precisely the same spirit of companionship that existed among ourselves. External appearances and differences in environment do not affect human nature. General Liu Kao-chao, military commandant of Changsha, who journeyed with us for 300 miles, by his genial and whole-souled character caused us to part with him with deep regrets, and his evidently unfeigned delight in his midday tipple of Scotch whiskey at tiffin will always remain as a bright spot in a very interesting journey.

IN CHINA FLAGS ARE EVERYWHERE IN EVIDENCE.

The Paris Cocher by Frédéric Mayer

THE Paris *cocher*, or "cabby," is a misunderstood individual. Before leaving their distant home for a visit to the French capital, foreigners are wont to look upon him as an enemy, as a terrible foe whom they must vanquish at any price if they are to derive pleasure from a drive along the boulevards, and a little repose from a promenade through the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne. Ninety-five out of a hundred visitors to Paris appear to be absolutely convinced that if the *cocher* were to endeavor to be polite, he could not use other than vile language. They have been told that when he is in a bad humor and his blood is warming up, it becomes absolutely impossible to withstand the terrible missiles that sally off his irritated tongue. The inevitable result is that, from the outset, the foreign hirer looks upon the *cocher* with fear and distrust, and instead of stepping into the open victoria—that most alluring of all public conveyances—with an occasional smile, the hirer assumes a severe and determined look and the *cocher* remarks, *in petto*, that he is about to convey a bear—*un ours*—and not a man. Not an atom of sympathy exists between the employer and the employee, no understanding other than that laid down strictly by the law. The brief contract entered into between the two parties is rarely executed with good grace; it frequently ends in trouble.

The Paris *cocher* is misunderstood. His clients seem to be forgetful of the fact that he remains on his seat in all weather, through the heavy rains that make him feel icy cold, and in the hot sun that scorches him. His sufferings are great at all seasons. He is unable to say what month of the year he finds the least unpleasant. Probably the rainy season, for then the *pourboires*, or tips, are at their zenith, and the *courses*, or drives, are short. The moment is now admirably chosen to speak of the *cocher*. The patiently awaited Exposition summer is at last arrived, and the Parisian drivers have a keen eye open to foreign patronage. They make no secret of the fact that during the Exposition months they expect to reap a good harvest; and is one really entitled to complain, if, after working twelve or fourteen hours a day during several consecutive months, they are able to put a little aside? But there it is—everybody does complain. *Monsieur Tout le Monde* is alarmed at the mere thought of the *cocher* making more than his dollar a day. And in *M. Tout le Monde* are comprised not merely visitors to Paris, but the Parisians themselves. For if foreigners arrive in the gay city of their dreams with prearranged ideas about the *cocher*, the Parisian who "never quits the asphalt of the boulevards" has his own particular grievances. They are of a more serious nature than the visitors' motives of complaint. To the boulevardier the main arteries of Paris appear at all times to be most disagreeably entangled, unnecessarily filled with vehicles of all descriptions. It is doubtful whether, if he were granted a new life, Boileau, the famous seventeenth-century satirical poet, would find terms sufficiently forcible to express his discontent at the sad state of Parisian thoroughfares. The Parisian holds the *cocher* responsible in a large measure for the congested state of streets and avenues, and instead of seeking consolation in the art of epigram-making as did the poet, he will bear him more or less of a grudge until the end of his days. Perhaps he is alarmed at the idea that he may not rise to the level of Boileau, but the satirist's success, by-the-way, in that departure was never very great. The poet had more common-sense than malice; with the Parisian the contrary is, perhaps, the case. But whilst the reader has been glancing through these lines of introduction and the frequent digressions that accompany them, autochthones of the capital, visitors from the French provinces, and from native lands, are from morning to evening and from evening to morning imploring for means of transportation. For years past, a few hundred workmen have been digging, boring, perforating, and upsetting portions of underground Paris, and now and again one reads a report that a subterranean metropolitan railway is being built; but, in truth, one is beginning to add as much faith to this revolution beneath the soil as one did to the much-announced revolutions that were to have taken place aboveground about a year or so ago. In the mean time, the omnibuses and tram-cars are nearly all marked *complet* (which means "full"), making one think that some must have been born with this particular sign on them, whilst in the case of others one feels fairly certain that, were the conductor to attempt to take the sign down, the mechanism would be found to be rusty and out of order. There being no other means of locomotion, one falls back on the "cabby," who has to bear much of the ill-humor provoked by the unfinished condition of the promised underground railway, the insufficient number of street cars, the loss of much valuable time, and the additional outlay of a journey home.



LEAVING THE STABLE-YARD WITH A FRESH HORSE.

Who shall write the psychology of the *cocher?*

What eminent philosopher will be tempted by that important problem, one of the vastest that the evolution of modern society has placed before the human mind? This is not exaggeration; no irony is intended. The driver is immovable; he remains while the world passes on. Around him, revolutions have shaken Paris to its foundations, and have transformed political and social institutions; great scientific discoveries have improved the modes of transportation and altered the face of the globe; but the *cocher* has not changed; he is the man who from his elevated seat contemplates impassively the course of things. From his lofty position he gazes somewhat scornfully on the busy crowds, and when he grows tired of the vain spectacle he falls asleep. Nothing escapes his disdain, and he frequently gives expression to it in vehement terms. No one will deny the wealth of his vocabulary of abuse; but in this respect he differs little from the conductors of horses in other cities. Nothing impresses itself very strongly on the mind of this assiduous spectator of all things. That is why, lost in his interior dream, our *cocher* is subject to frequent spells of forgetfulness which result in much alarm, and sometimes in injury, to so many members of the fair sex, and to an incalculable number of dogs, in the French capital. Continually wandering through the city at a speed that varies between four and five miles an hour, the latter figure being exceeded on rare occasions only, the *cocher* has arrived at a stage where he totally neglects certain conditions which are observed by the rest of humanity. He will remain quite unconcerned when he drives his quadruped into collision with an ordinary biped, the lack of rapidity of the pace at which he travels alone saving many a valuable life; he is totally indifferent to the loss of a hat, a soiled dress, or a little damage to the human body. He does not consider this brutality; it is his second nature. It is of no use to attempt to conceal the fact; it is brutality—and is the one great vice of the Parisian *cocher*. He is cruel towards his fatigued steed and has little, if any, feeling for men and women who travel on foot. On the other hand, he has one great virtue; it is probity.

Outside many wine-shops in Paris, and in the principal cities of France, a sign is often to be seen bearing the words *Au cocher fidèle* ("To the faithful *cocher*"); beneath it a driver is pictured, hat in hand, restoring to a gentleman and lady, the hirers of the coach, a purse forgotten on the cushions of the vehicle. This is not a conception of the artist, nor vile flattery of the restaurant or wine-shop to draw thither the coachman with a foible for the bottle, but a reality which often occurs and of which the *cocher* has every right to be proud. Anybody who has lived any length of time in Paris will endorse the statement. Who has not forgotten an umbrella, a walking-stick, a small satchel, or some little object on the seat or floor of a public vehicle? And who has not had his property restored without even having taken the number of the vehicle, without any remembrance of the physiognomy of the driver? By a simple application to a special office at the prefecture of police, where all objects found in public carriages are deposited, and arranged according to the date and hour at which they were brought in, one is able promptly to regain possession of his lost property. This reflects great credit on the Paris "cabbies," few of whom, by-the-way, are born Parisians. They hail from the central departments, chiefly from the Aveyron and the Lozère. Few come from Brittany or

Maine, and statistics prove that the percentage of drivers from the sunny south is infinitesimal. The majority of drivers being "provincials," goes far to explain their imperfect knowledge of the complicated topography of the capital.

Coaches for public use may be divided, in Paris, into two classes—victorias and coupés, the former being used in summer, the latter in winter. The prices for both vehicles are alike. A drive, for one or two persons, within the limits of the fortifications, from any one point to any other, costs thirty cents. If hired by the hour the price is forty cents an hour. At night, a drive within the limits costs forty-five cents, and an hour fifty cents. For a four-seated coach the charges are, during the day, forty cents a drive and fifty cents an hour; during the night, fifty cents a drive and fifty-five cents an hour. It is customary to give the *cocher* a gratuity of a few cents, say five cents when hired for a drive, and about double that amount when hired for an hour. This gratuity, called *pourboire*, is of course not obligatory, but it is so customary (and the *cocher* reckons absolutely on it) that it would be preferable to commit any ordinary misdemeanor than to attempt to escape the penalty. A *cocher* should give every hirer a slip of printed paper on which is inscribed the number of the vehicle and the legal charges.

The *cocher* hires his cab and horse from one of the large companies. According to the most recent statistics there are about 15,000 cabs, or *fiacres*, belonging to five or six companies; all these vehicles are numbered; there are about 2000 *rôdeurs*, or vagabond *fiacres* without numbers. The companies allow three horses to each cab. The first commences work about 9 A.M., and continues until 5 P.M.; the second leaves the stables at about 6 P.M., and returns at midnight. The third horse takes the second day's work, from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M., while number one is resting. Horse number two always does the 6 P.M. till midnight spell. In winter the *cocher* pays about 16 francs ($3 20) a day for his horse and cab; in summer he pays from 20 francs ($4) to 22 francs ($4 40) a day, according to the price exacted by the company. As a general rule, his earnings average between one and three dollars a day over his "yard money."

The companies from whom the drivers hire their vehicles pay the insurance on the horse and cab. Formerly they used to collect a tax of a couple of sous a day from the *cochers*, but they have abandoned the system for several years past. If the *cocher* has the misfortune to bring his vehicle into collision with another *fiacre*, and the affair should end in a police-court fine, the *cocher* will have to pay his fine, while the company usually settles the bill, if any, for damages. The cabmen's co-operative societies, of which there are several in Paris, come to his aid in such cases, and if he pays his dues regularly he gets an allowance from the fund when he is ill, or meets with an accident, or with a family misfortune.

There are probably not far short of 20,000 *cochers* in Paris, between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Formerly the companies taught them their business. But to-day, thanks to the institution of driving-schools, the *cocher* comes to them ready-made. By paying a fee of 40 francs ($8) he can attend one of these schools for three or four months, receiving driving lessons daily inside the school and outside of it, and when he is sufficiently expert to pass the examination held under the auspices of the municipal authorities, he is "let loose" upon the inhabitants of the city of Paris and its numerous visitors.

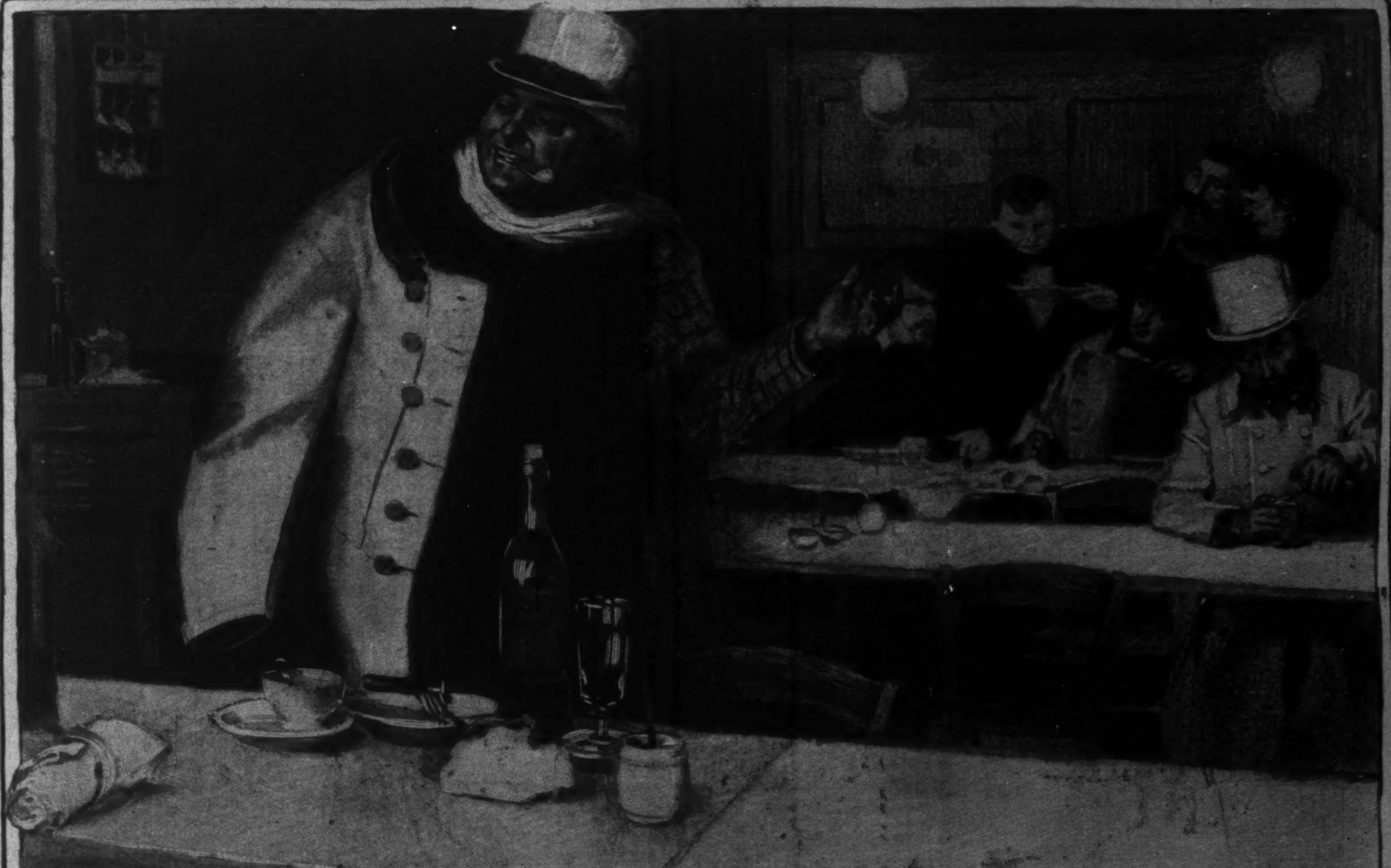
A short time before the opening of the Exposition the "*cocher* question" rose once again above water, and it looked very much as if a strike would ensue. By-the-way, this *cocher* question is always cropping up in Paris. It started long before the Panama scandals were brewed, and bids fair to outlive the Dreyfus affair—which means that it is likely to enjoy a fairly long lease of life. Every ten years the question culminates in a monster strike, but the problem is never solved and the *cochers* always lose the day. The drivers now demand—1, that the companies fix a maximum daily charge for the hire of horse and cab; 2, that a *modus vivendi* be established between *cochers* and public during the Exposition months, and that this *modus vivendi* be reached by conferences between the representatives of the companies and the coachmen. But nothing of the kind will take place. The companies will not hear of it, and argue that as they can never control the work done by the *cocher*, it is impossible for them to allow him a fixed salary. The *cocher* is not an ordinary workman; he is a partner of the party from whom he hires the vehicle, consequently his remuneration can be calculated in two ways only—participation in the profits or participation in the gross receipts. The first system is inapplicable, for it would carry with it the participation in the losses, and as several proprietors of livery-stables fail in the course of each year, a number of *cochers* would be reduced to a state of misery. The companies conclude that the second system is the only one possible, and it has the advantages of being equivalent to allowing the *cocher* a percentage on his earnings. Nowadays the *cocher* makes a deposit of 50 francs ($10) as a guarantee for the vehicle and horse which he hires for the day. He does not pay in advance the price agreed upon for the day's hire.

The average price paid by Paris *cochers* during the last ten years has been decreasing almost constantly. In 1889, at the last Paris Exposition, it was 18 fr. .12 per day; in 1890, 16 fr. .08. It decreased almost regularly until 1898, when it reached 14 fr. .87. In 1899 it was 15 fr. .30. It will probably attain 17½ francs in 1900. In brief, the *cocher* rarely, if ever, pays less than $3 a day for "yard money," and never more than $5. However remunerative the Exposition summer may be for the *cochers*, it is easy to understand that they will never remain content with a system that empowers the companies to increase, or lower, the "yard money," according to the probable number of visitors in Paris. When the next strike breaks out, the *cochers* will insist on receiving a fixed minimum salary of five francs a day, and they will keep for themselves all *pourboires*, or tips, which will be more than double their daily wage. The great reform—paying by distance, and not by time—has been unsuccessfully clamored for since a quarter of a century. Nothing would be more equitable. Unfortunately, the companies maintain that all the instruments invented, in view of giving a true account of the distance accomplished, have proved to be inefficient, so the idea has been abandoned, much to the discontent of the *cochers*.

Under the present system the *cocher* is, of necessity, laborious. No trade demands greater assiduity, more regularity and sobriety, than does his calling. The chevaliers of the whip rise early and retire late. They lunch and dine in great haste at the wine-shops, their rubicund faces deriving color far more from prolonged stays in the open air than from the tempting absinthe and eau-de-vie bottles. Their meals are promptly despatched, for not only is the lunch hour included in the "yard-money" time, but whilst at table no *pourboires* are forthcoming.

Strange to say, the *cocher* is generally a married man. It is, perhaps, owing to the fact that he is compelled to wander perpetually through the streets, that he is deeply attached to his family and to the delights of home.

DISSATISFIED WITH THE FARE.



A TYPICAL COCHER'S RESTAURANT.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—ENTRANCE TO TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Drawn by Charles C. Curran.

OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

The Embassy to Berlin

PERHAPS it is because the very atmosphere of the great German capital is full of titles that it always pleases me to think of our ambassador in Berlin as his Excellency. In a world which not only adopts but insists upon such ridiculous dignities as Mrs. Brevet Field-Marshal General von Pumpernickel or Mrs. Third Under-Secretary of the Imperial Chancellery Schmidt, it seems almost a crime not to give to the usually unpretending Yankee all possible titular distinction. I hope that all the good people to whom he is accredited take pains to speak of his Excellency the Honorable Professor Doctor White, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, etc., etc. You may perchance look upon this as a very undemocratic sentiment. There was a time, I know, when I did; when the very word Excellency always halted on my tongue. But the briefest of diplomatic experiences on the Continent cured me of that. Now I am very careful to give our diplomatists every possible honorary prefix to which they can lay claim.

There are probably many reasons why Berlin should seem less desirable as an appointment to be sought than London, Paris, or Rome. Not only is society there less sympathetic to strangers than in the other places named, but also our relations with Germany for a number of years past have suffered from continual misunderstandings, both political and commercial. To a man of scholarly attainments like the present ambassador, the atmosphere of German learning and philosophy is doubtless very pleasant. But there is much work to be done, and there are many delicate tangles to unravel. It is also much more difficult to set up a transient establishment in Berlin than elsewhere. There are very few available residences or apartments which are suitable and at the same time within the means of a poorly paid representative. The German people seem to have an innate prejudice against giving out their Lares and Penates for hire; in other words, furnished homes are practically impossible. Therefore, the newly arriving official, who can never be sure of his tenure of office, must not only find a dignified and not too costly residence, but he must go to the additional expense of furnishing it. He knows that this latter proceeding is also of a temporary nature, and that at the end of four years at most he must expect to sacrifice all of his belongings, or double their cost by taking them home. Unless a man be very wealthy this is a difficult undertaking. It has been the ruin of more than one of our representatives abroad. Every one remembers how this very expense actually threw the estate of the lamented Bayard Taylor into bankruptcy. He died so soon after establishing himself in Berlin that he had not been able to pay off the first part of the debt it entailed.

Of course much of this difficulty will be removed when our government at last, as it surely must some day, buys permanent homes for its missions. Not only will succeeding ambassadors be saved the enormous trouble and worry of house-hunting, but if the government should not at the same time purchase furniture, at least the furnishings fitted to the house could be passed on from occupant to occupant. As it is, the furniture which suits the home of one ambassador may be wholly out of place in that of another, for now these residences change with each administration. No matter how small the house owned by the government should be, it would be preferable for many reasons. Belonging to the government, its size would be a matter of no personal concern to the ambassador. Of much more importance—the home of the government's representation would then be permanent, and people would know where to find it. Ask any little boy in a Berlin street where the British or the French Embassy is and he can tell you. These nations are great to his mind, to the minds of his father and mother, because they have the object-lesson of the fitting homes these ambassadors live in. But none of them know anything about the American Embassy; they have, most of them, never heard of it. In fact, one man whom I asked said: "I think the Americans have no such things as ambassadors. They have no kings in America." Perhaps Mr. Bancroft was in Berlin long enough to become identified generally in the public mind, but neither before his time nor since has our representation in the German capital been anything like a well-established fact. While there is some convenience in our present system of having the offices of the Embassy, what is called the chancellery, separate from the ambassador's residence—in fact in another part of town—on the whole it would be much better if they were combined, as they would be if the government owned a proper building. As things stand it is impossible, for the government pays the rent of the chancellery, while the ambassador's rent comes out of his own salary. If Congress cannot be prevailed upon to purchase residences in the principal capitals, at least it is to be hoped that at an early date some reasonable rent allowance will be added to the salary list. That would be an advance towards the desired end.

Since the coronation of the present Emperor, at no other European capital has there been need for so much tact and discretion as here. For it is useless to pretend that he is a friend to our government or to us as a people. Those in authority must keep up the fiction of friendship, but aside from his innate hostility to the whole republican idea of which we are the foremost representatives, on a dozen specific points he holds us in special dislike. The wholesale emigration of German subjects to America and the readiness with which they surrender their allegiance to the father-land have long been sore subjects with the school of Berlin politicians of which the Kaiser is now the head. They have always prevented the conclusion of any kind of treaty of extradition by which this renunciation of citizenship is recognized. They have kept our relations in a constant state of ferment by repeatedly impressing for military service the sons of Germany who have acquired American citizenship. In a desire for the discontinuance of this loss of blood and sinew the great German hunger for colonies has been born. The Emperor has repeatedly said in connection with his country's need for colonial expansion that not only were markets needed for German commerce, and additional ground space for a growing population, but also space where they might still maintain their allegiance to the home government. This brings forward another subject always sure to provoke bitter comment at the German court. The Kaiser holds that it is only what he calls the verfluchtiger (accursed) Monroe doctrine which prevents the acquisition of a rich German colony in South America. I have the information upon substantial authority that for many years plans against the independence of Argentina were brewing in Berlin. Colonists were sent out by the hundreds of thousands. Trade relations were assiduously cultivated. Many emigrants were kept in the employment of the government for the furtherance of the scheme.

Then the Venezuelan incident startled the world. And nowhere, not even in England, was that expression of the Monroe doctrine so bitterly assailed as in Germany. Even the old Chancellor came out of his retirement to denounce it and to declare that Germany could never agree to such a position. And however much his rebellious imperial pupil disagreed with him at home, he has always kept in view the Bismarckian foreign policy, which will in time come to be as much the text-book of German imperialism as the famous so-called will of Peter the Great is to Russia.

Berlin society is perhaps the most rigidly formal in the world, Vienna alone excepted. It has more of the restrictions inherited from olden times than perhaps any other. It is, for instance, still the marked exception to meet Jews in the great world here, whereas in London and Paris they are now so numerous as to escape any special notice. The struggle of the Jewish world of high finance for social recognition in Berlin is quite a long and wonderful history. Court functions are, if anything, more solemnly tiresome here than elsewhere. A court ball is never a very gay affair, even when dancing is wholly unrestrained.

The usual entertainments are given by the court in honor of the diplomatic corps—a reception on New-Year's eve, at least one dinner, and two balls to which they are invited. Perhaps the most pleasant feature of the present régime is its informal entertaining. Both the Emperor and the Empress are given to sending for their friends and for distinguished visitors to come in to luncheon. On these occasions the homely but admirable virtues of German royalty are seen in

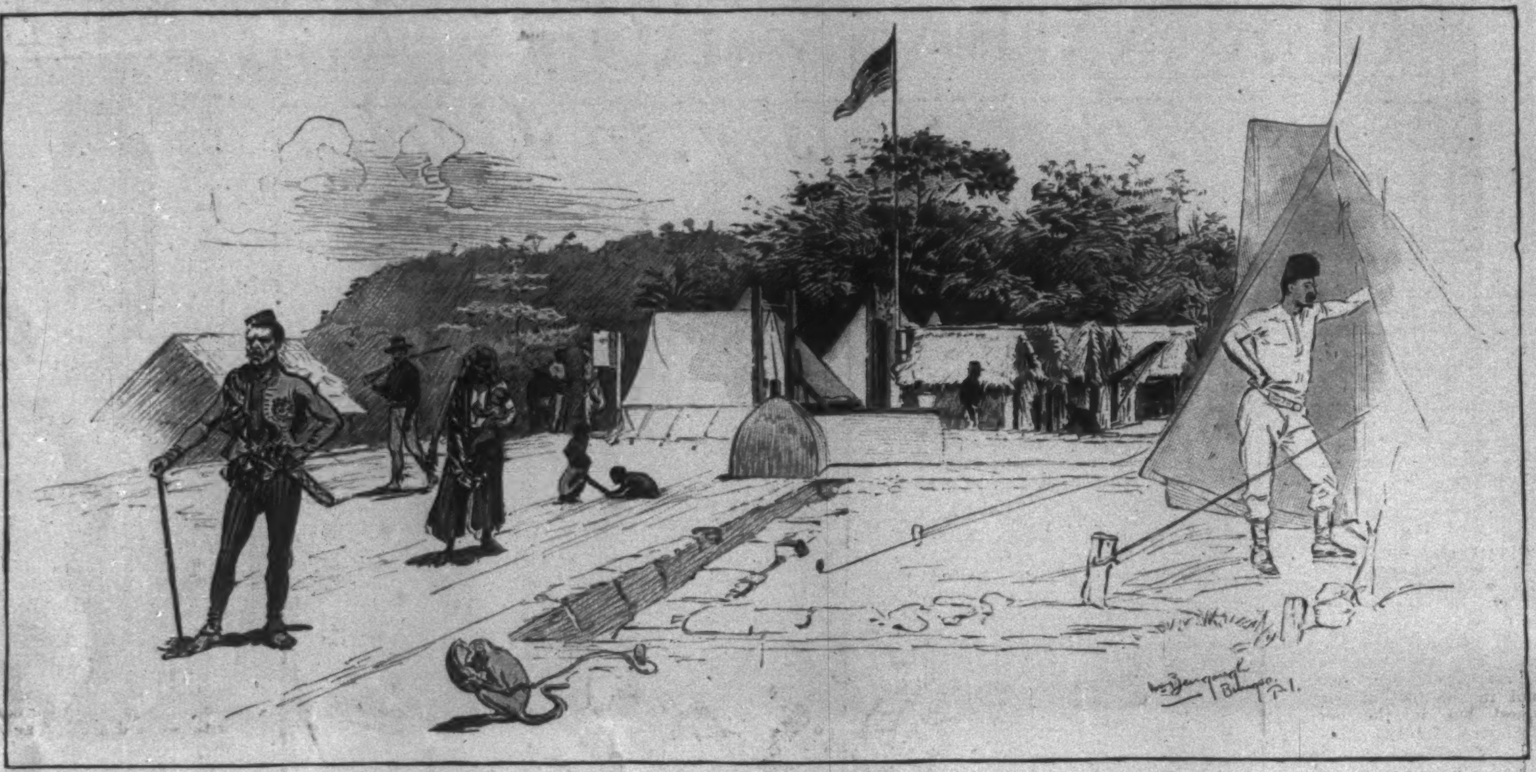
THE MAIN SALON.

THE MUSIC-ROOM.

their best light. There is no such thing as presentation at court. The ambassador has no annual list of ambitious countrymen to send in for approval. Whenever distinguished Americans come to town the Embassy lets the court know of their presence without requesting any attention for them. Then the court takes notice of the visitors or not, as it sees fit. They are invited to a court ball or to an informal visit to the Emperor, as the case seems to demand. But always the initiative rests with the court.

Our present representation at the German capital more nearly approximates a trained service than any similar mission. As is the case in London and in Paris, the secretary of the Embassy, Mr. John B. Jackson, has held the post for a number of years, and with his attractive wife has made for himself an enviable place among the people to whom he is accredited. And the ambassador, Professor Andrew Dickson White, is perhaps the best equipped diplomatist our service holds. He has not only had much continuous experience, but both by early training and by inclination he is especially fitted for his duties. A graduate of Yale University, Mr. White was subsequently a student abroad at Sorbonne, at the Collège de France, and at the University of Berlin. He was attaché to our Legation in St. Petersburg in 1853 and 1854. After this, while at home, he was Professor of English and Literature in the University of Michigan, and subsequently the first President of Cornell University. President Hayes sent him as minister to Berlin, President Harrison as minister to St. Petersburg, and President Cleveland retained him at the latter post through the first half of his second administration. He had no sooner reached home than he was appointed a member of the Venezuelan commission to decide upon our famous controversy with Great Britain. This labor was scarcely finished when President McKinley asked him to again accept the mission to Berlin. In this way Mr. White, aside from the active interest he takes in the work, easily leads our ambassadors in diplomatic experience. He is now very properly at the head of the American delegation at the Hague Peace Conference, and the prominent part he has taken there, as well as the respect shown him, cannot but be gratifying to his countrymen. His residence at No. 9 Lenne Strasse in Berlin, over which his wife gracefully presides, is a centre for all that is highest and best in Berlin society. Naturally such a man would find a happy position in the circles of learning and philosophy for which the German capital is famous. As fortunate as President McKinley seems to have been in the selection of his personal representatives at European courts, no appointment could have been more happy than this one. If, as I said before, Berlin is perhaps for us at this time the danger-point of the Continent, we have met the difficulty well by placing there to watch over our interests the ablest of our body of self-trained diplomatists.

CHALMERS ROBERTS.



TENTS AND SOLDIER-MADE HUTS OF THE AMERICAN GARRISON AT BUNGAO, SULU ARCHIPELAGO, OUR SOUTHERNMOST POSSESSION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE PHILIPPINES: OUR APPROACH TO ASIA

BY JOHN BARRETT

THE crisis in China demonstrates beyond question the importance of the Philippines. It proves their strategic and political value. The readiness and despatch with which the United States is able in a supreme hour of peril to send ships, marines, and troops to protect and rescue American lives and property have touched the pride of the nation. Only the lightning development and avalanche force of the Chinese hordes have prevented the complete success of these efforts.

Instead of depending upon the charity of European powers and being treated with patronizing kindness, we have been able to stand on our own resources as a first-class power. We are commanding the evident respect of other nations. We are treated as their peer. We are seeing our soldiers and ships occupying the most dangerous and responsible places in the line of advance and defence.

All this is being done without a suggestion of so-called Imperialism. It is the meeting of unavoidable and imperative responsibility. It is the strict execution of duty. Had we held back, a cry of horror and protest would have gone up from our people. The very Imperialism which partisan prejudice claims has inspired our holding the Philippines now enables us to pursue an anti-imperialistic policy in China. We are at Taku, Tientsin, and Peking in force, not only to protect life and property, but to exercise all our moral influence to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire and prevent imperialistic alienation of the territory. Still there are some men, some newspapers and some demagogues, who would rant against the President's avowed intention to guard, first, the lives of our diplomatic and consular officers, missionaries, and merchants; and second, our treaty rights and vast opportunities of trade and commerce throughout an unpartitioned area. Such men hold the sixpence of prejudice so near their eyes that they cannot see the responsibility, duty, honor, interest, patriotism, and pride beyond. It is unfortunate that the passion of a political campaign should also exert its warping influence, but time will prove that President McKinley is right in China as it is proving with overwhelming logic that he is right in the Philippines.

Those of us who, from long residence in the Far East and through acquaintance with the development of events in the Philippines, are convinced by personal observation and experience that America's position in these islands is the unavoidable result of meeting responsibilities that unexpectedly grew out of the war with Spain, likewise from familiarity with conditions in China not only recognize the absolute necessity of the present action of the government, but appreciate the strategical value of our Philippine base.

Let us in confirmation study the map of transpacific seas and countries. It is both fascinating and instructive. All maps of important lands are interesting to the student of world progress, but none is more surprising than that of the incomparable broken coast that reaches from Australia to Siberia, from Melbourne to Vladivostok. Its supreme revelation to the man who has not before investigated these Asian-Pacific shores is this: *the Philippines are the geographical and strategical centre of the Asiatic and Australasian Pacific coast-line that has an unrivalled extent of 6000 miles, has debouching upon it a population of over 850,000,000, including India, and supports already a foreign commerce exceeding $2,000,000,000 per annum.*

From this undeniable premise we draw another conclusion which has even a more direct bearing upon the value of the islands to the United States: *the Philippines, being the geographical and strategical centre by reason of physical location, will become under American influence the commercial centre of the transpacific coast, seas, and millions of people.*

Let us first draw a neighborly circle around Manila with a reasonable radius of 1000 miles, the distance from New York to Chicago. Points on the extreme limit of this circle could be reached in four days with even low-power merchant-steamers. Distance in the Oriental seas is usually estimated by days and not by miles. Well within this circle we find Hongkong, Great Britain's impregnable outpost of empire and teeming trade entrepôt, only 650 miles, or less than three days' steaming, from Manila. Hongkong is the great point of Asiatic commercial exchange, and the one place where all steamship lines stop. It is estimated to handle $250,000,000 worth of exports and imports per annum. The proximity of Manila to such a capital of commerce emphasizes the importance and value of its own location.

Noting the sweep of the 1000-mile radius we find that it almost reaches to Shanghai, the New York of China, and gateway to the spacious Yangtze Valley, and includes productive Japanese Formosa on the north; includes the populous southern coast of China with the large cities of Fuchau, Amoy, Canton, and Hongkong on the northwest; the resourceful coast of French Indo-China and its beautiful capital Saigon on the west; British North Borneo and Sarawak and part of the rich Celebes on the south. If the radius were extended half again, to 1500 or 1600 miles, and two days more of steaming added, the messengers of commerce from Manila could reach such important points as Nagasaki in Japan; Hankau, the Chicago of China, up the Yangtze River; Chefoo and Taku, now of so much interest; Bangkok, the growing, prosperous capital of Siam; Singapore, Britain's thrifty gateway to the Far East, and a port boasting of an annual trade exchange of $150,000,000; Batavia, Holland's populous emporium in the East Indies; and Guam, our own new connecting-point in the vast Pacific seas.

The full scope of the 2000-mile radius, or the distance from New York to Denver, includes a population of nearly 500,000,000, or five times that of the United States, and comprehends half of Japan; all of Korea; the great part of China; all of Siam and Burma; all of French Indo-China; the British Malay states and Straits Settlements; the rich Dutch possessions of Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Molukkas; New Guinea and Borneo; the Carolines and Ladrones; and just touches the northern end of the continent of Australia. The annual trade comprehended in this 2000-mile circle approaches $1,000,000,000 per annum, of which America's share now is hardly one-tenth, or $100,000,000, but can be in time one-third or one-half.

If we extend the radius to 3000 miles we have an interesting and yet stupendous field to survey. This distance is a reasonable one, as it is approximately

equal to that from New York to San Francisco or from New York to London. Here we see Manila the centre of lands and seas that support, even with their undeveloped natural resources, an annual foreign commerce that exceeds two thousand million of dollars and holds nearly half the world's entire population, or at least 850,000,000 human beings, who must be fed, clothed, and supplied with the increasing wants that grow in proportion as they come in contact with the European and American world.

Surveyed by countries we find that this 3000-mile circle includes all of Japan, all of China, part of Siberia, all of Korea, Siam, French Indo-China, Burma, the Dutch possessions and other East Indies, the greater part of India, and the major portion of Australia.

A glance at the map shows that Australia must be considered an integral part of the transpacific field of development and influence. A giant could walk, as it were, from Australia to the Philippines or to the mainland of Asia without wetting his feet. From northern Australia to southern Mindanao of the Philippines is not greater than the distance from New York to St. Louis, or less than 1500 miles, with countless islands sandwiched in between.

As we run our eyes up and down from north to south we see at once this conspicuous advantage of America in the Philippines, and ask ourselves: With the British in Australia, India, Singapore, Hongkong, and Wei-hai-wei; with the Dutch in Java and Sumatra and Borneo; with the French in Cambodia, Anam, and Tonquin; with the Portuguese in Macao; with the Japanese in Formosa and their own snug islands; with the Germans at Kiaochau and in the Carolines and New Guinea; with the Russians in Manchuria, Port Arthur, and Siberia; and with the Italians trying to get a hold at San-mun—with all these nations in a position to control Asia's millions of people and millions of commerce to their advantage, and our disadvantage if we abandon the Far East, are we for a moment going to think of surrendering our new position and sovereignty in the Philippines? Never; because we obtained them not in the lust of conquest but in the performance of duty.

A few statistical facts about the environment of the Philippines will help us to appreciate their importance. We are all now closely watching China, only 600 miles from our American territory. What of her future? She has 4,000,000 square miles, 400,000,000 people, and only 400 miles of railroads! She needs in the near future 40,000 miles. What opportunities for American manufacturers, for American capital, and for American engineers, and for American labor at home providing what is wanted in China! China's foreign trade in 1899 under unfavorable conditions was $333,000,000, an increase of 40 per cent. over 1898. This was less than $1 per head of the population; but when the empire is opened to the world, the government reorganized, and general material progress inaugurated, the trade should develop to at least $5 per head. That of Japan has grown in the short period of thirty years from $1 to over $6 per head. That of America is about $25. In all my estimates of foreign trade, I include of course both exports and imports. Exchange is the life of commerce. A nation or people cannot go on buying unless it also develops a large selling capacity.

If we multiply China's population of 400,000,000 by $5 we have a reasonable possibility of $2,000,000,000 per annum for that country alone. We can never afford to retreat from such possibilities. Our trade exchange with China now amounts, including Hongkong, to nearly $43,000,000, which is about 12 per cent. of the total and 100 per cent. increase over ten years ago.

Other interesting opportunities in a reasonable trade neighborhood of the Philippines might be specified in Japan, Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies, Siberia, Siam, and Korea, whose combined foreign commerce even in its infancy amounts to nearly $600,000,000; of Burma, India, and Ceylon, whose total is already passing $500,000,000; of Australasia, whose annual returns equal nearly $600,000,000. In all this America's share is only one-tenth now; with the Philippines as a base we will in due time develop it to one-half.

MAP OF THE ORIENT SHOWING MANILA, P.I. AS THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRE OF THE ORIENTAL COMMERCIAL FIELD.

Of the Philippines themselves, those of us who have travelled through them and other Asiatic lands say without exception that in proportion to area and population they surpass the latter in marvellous fertility of soil, in variety of marketable staple products, in wonderful intermingling of well-watered valleys and high forested mountains, and in natural resources awaiting legitimate exploitation and development. The islands will show in another decade and a half an annual trade, under the influence of American control, enterprise, and capital, valued at $150,000,000. Even with Spain in charge they passed the $33,000,000 mark. American capital will also find a ready and safe investment of $200,000,000 in railroads, industries, mines, and general development during the next five years.

When we consider that the Dutch have converted Java, which is not as resourceful as Luzon nor as large, into a garden supporting 20,000,000 people, and an annual foreign trade of $200,000,000, we cannot admit that Americans are unable to equal this record in the Philippines. If the British have taken Burma, which is even larger but less resourceful than the Philippines, and established in fifteen years perfect peace, contentment, and prosperity among 10,000,000 people, not unlike the Filipinos, and an annual trade of $150,000,000, we can more than surpass their record in the Philippines, or I mistake the courage and capabilities of Americans.

The people will buy of us in great quantities along many lines when order is established and they can sell their own products. The good qualities of the Filipinos far outweigh the bad in time of peace. When their minds are freed of the false instruction about America and Americans, and when they clearly understand our purposes and people, they will surprise us with their earnest, peaceful support of American government. If the Presidential election in November decides that the United States will not shirk her responsibilities in the Philippines, the present guerilla warfare will lose its inspiration and hence its following.

Under phlegmatic, mysterious, and depressing Spanish control, the outer world never realized the commanding position and wide opportunities of the Philippines. On the occasion of my first visit to Manila some five years ago while United States minister to Siam, I was astonished at the extreme general ignorance of the resources, people, and possibilities of the islands that prevailed in Hongkong. Now, under American occupation, the world is standing in wonder at the lesson in geography and politics it has learned from studying the Philippines and their environment. Our good friends the Anti-Imperialists would be shocked at the readiness with which the powers of Europe would pounce on the Philippines if we should abandon them to their own fate. Our moral duty demands that we should maintain sovereignty and develop as high a degree of autonomy as possible. Were we to recognize their independence and "protect" them against the world, as the straddling Kansas City platform outlines, we would find ourselves having innumerable bickerings and possibly wars with European powers. There would be constant friction and misunderstandings, including trouble with foreigners, which would place the powers in a position to interfere, demand indemnities, and possibly occupy territory. No man familiar with the diplomacy, politics, and history of Asia can imagine a worse international muddle than would arise if America should either abandon the Philippines or promise them absolute independence.

The long and short of the whole Philippine situation, viewed in its moral light, which is of far more consequence than the material side, is this: *the United States is in sovereign control of the Philippine Islands as a direct and honorable result of meeting and mastering the unavoidable responsibility that grew unexpectedly out of the war with Spain.* The sooner every American realizes this, the better. History will confirm it beyond a doubt. History will further show that there would have been no insurrection or rebellion against the United States if it had not been for the unfortunate accident of an Englishman named Howard W. Bray stopping Aguinaldo at Singapore; that it was Bray, and not Dewey, Wildman, Williams, or Pratt, who made him promises of what America would do; that he went to Cavite on the gunboat *McCulloch* more as a result of his own pleading and request than upon the urging of any authorized American official. Being present myself at the meetings of Aguinaldo and the American officials at Hongkong, I hope I can speak with some degree of authority.

History will further demonstrate that if a few regiments of American troops could have been landed at Cavite immediately after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, they could have gone and would have been welcomed everywhere with acclaim by the natives. The only opposition would have come from Spanish garrisons.

Moreover, let it be remembered that there was no general desire for independence from the United States, no thought of opposing our government among the masses, until Aguinaldo by show of force had excited them to arms, misrepresented the intentions and attitude of the United States, and permitted the people to be falsely educated about and against America through malicious circulars, irresponsible native papers, and various anti-American agencies like ex-Spanish civil servants, unscrupulous Spanish and Filipino agitators, foreign juntas and other enemies of our country.

When the conscience of the American people has been fully satisfied—as it will soon be through knowledge of all that happened—that we are not crushing out a just spirit of liberty, that we are not ruthlessly and unjustifiably shooting government into the Filipinos, but rather putting down by force a government established by force and overthrowing the dictatorship of one man who has been blindly followed by the multitude, there will be no more shouting of Anti-Imperialism. That bogie is being forever and effectually unmasked.

Now that the Philippines are ours and will remain ours it is natural and logical that we should bend our energies to develop them commercially and materially as well as politically and morally. Never forgetting that we are a Christian as much as a commercial nation, we recognize that where moral and material interests labor to mutual advantage without the surrendering of the former to the latter, the greatest good can be accomplished. On this platform it is fitting to study the map and remember what it teaches in regard to Manila's commanding location as the centre of the mighty Asian-Australian coast-line

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

WAITING for confirmation of the reports about the massacres at Peking has been very much like waiting for the funeral when the dead lies in the house. We held our breath at first, expecting positive news immediately. But the news did not come, and the world, or any country, cannot hold its breath for three weeks. So we have gone on about our business, but conscious all the time of a depressing influence, and with minds that reverted at every interval of leisure to Peking and the people of the legations.

Much talk as there has been about China and matters there, there has been even more thinking. Wherever there are Americans that think at all about matters of public interest, they are thinking about China. The South-African war for the time being is forgotten; the Philippines are considered mainly for their bearing on our duty in China. Yet there is comparatively little violent talk or violent writing. Nobody is calling for a war of mere revenge. There is retribution and punishment to be provided for, but the problems on whom it shall fall and how it shall be administered, and what final result should be sought, are much too obscure and perplexing to be settled off-hand. Neither what should be done nor what can be done is at all clear. All that we see is that Tientsin should be held, if possible, and that presently an expedition should be sent to Peking, and that it will need to be a strong one if it is to get there. Modern arms in the hands of Chinese have already shown their power, just as they did in the hands of the Boers. In its irresponsibility the massacre of the ministers has been more like a convulsion of nature than an act of men. The Boxers did it, and the Boxers are a revolutionary mob. Moreover, they are a mob rising against a government which we have long regarded as hopelessly corrupt and moribund, and which ought to go down. Yet it is the weak forces of the moribund government that seem to have fought and died in defence of the legations. We Americans want to see home-rule in China, and no dismemberment of the empire. The Boxers who have murdered our people want apparently the same thing, and were stimulated to their atrocious outburst by the growing intrusion of foreigners and their open plans for cutting up the country. Certainly the Chinese pot is boiling, and wonderful is the mixture that it contains.

THE share of the missionaries in stirring up China and bringing about the present upheaval has been much considered and discussed. Lord Salisbury in his speech last month to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts pointed out, in speaking of the crisis in China, that all the natives who were being killed were Christians. They were being killed, he said, not because of their religion, but because the Chinese had got the idea that missionary work is a mere instrument of the secular government to carry out its ends. The notion was utterly unjust, but still the Eastern proverb, "First the missionary, then the consul, then the general," had too often been borne out by facts. In old times, he said, the missionary who wore the martyr's crown did not injure the cause he was preaching or those whose interests he represented, but nowadays, when it is the practice to take official notice when a missionary is killed, martyrdom involved grave risks to the lives of the martyr's converts, and of the soldiers and sailors who were sent to avenge his death. He thought it made missionary work very complicated and difficult, and he urged prudence on those who manage missions, because they run the risk not only of losing their own lives, "but of producing terrible events on a gigantic scale."

An interesting commentary on what Lord Salisbury said appeared the other day in the form of a cablegram from certain missionaries in China, which read: "Arouse the Christian world immediately to our peril. If this arrive too late, avenge us." But we must not judge the average missionary by that despatch, for though his friends clamor lustily for vengeance when he is killed, he rarely asks for it himself. A much larger proportion of the Christian missionaries are Christians than most casual observers suspect, and very many of them have given evidence in these recent weeks of a lofty spirit, and profound devotion to their calling and appreciation of its demands.

YET, no doubt, missionary zeal, along with Russian violence and German greed and the rapacious eagerness of all the powers of Christendom, has had its share in bringing out the Boxers. Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, just back from China, said in London on July 14 that there was no foundation at all for the charge that the tactlessness of the missionaries is responsible for the present crisis in China. Yet he quoted Minister Conger as saying that missionary work had been the most powerful influence in the Orient, not only in behalf of civilization, but in behalf of the advancement of China herself. No doubt Mr. Conger's testimony is true. Missionaries have been the pioneers of Western civilization in China and elsewhere. They are the natural enemies of Chinese conservatism, and the Chinese reactionaries who want no civilization that is not Chinese are logical in hating and killing them. They are not to blame for the land-hunger of Europe, or for the trade-hunger of all the Western world, but their errand is to fight the powers of darkness, and of course the powers of darkness are going to fight back. Missionaries and European civilization always go together. It is probable that if it had not been for the missionaries there would have been no massacre of ministers in Peking, because there would have been no ministers in Peking to be massacred.

Dr. Clark seems to think the missionary leaven has been effectually introduced into China. In his opinion, "the inevitable solution of the pending horror must be the destruction of China as a government. It is impossible for the dynasty to prevail there now. Somehow or other the powers must step in and revolutionize the empire's governmental machinery."

WITH Destiny working overtime in the far East and cutting throats by the light of burning palaces, it is hard to apply the mind to the consideration of comparatively humdrum things at home. Our Presidential campaign is largely taking care of itself for the time being, the chief passing incidents of it being declarations of disgruntled Republicans that they will swallow all their displeasures and support the gold-standard ticket, and admissions of old-fashioned Democrats that they cannot see their way any clearer to vote for Bryan this year than four years ago. Mr. Hewitt is for McKinley; so is Mr. Thomas Waller, of Connecticut; so is Mr. Fairchild, and hundreds of thousands of Democrats more. Mr. Bourke Cockran is going—or has gone—abroad, and seems not to contemplate voting. Mr. Godkin expects not to vote. General Lew Wallace will vote with the rest of the Republicans, hard as it is for him to get over some particulars of the Administration's policy. Senator Hoar stands by his party of course, and the Anti-Imperialists have pretty much read him out of their clan. Mr. Erving Winslow deplores his inconstancy; Mr. William Lloyd Garrison insists that he is an apostate; but Senator Hoar admits none of the allegations, but declares he is as much of an Anti-Imperialist as he ever was, and that he never expected to abandon the President or his party because he disapproved their policy in a single particular. The variety of the controversies in which Senator Hoar has been implicated in the last two years is very remarkable. It is only two summers since he wrestled with Professor Norton over the Spanish war, and few firing squads have been out since then that have not included him. He thrives well on objurgation, and never seemed younger or more cheerful or more generally welcome than he was at the Harvard Commencement this year, when he sat at the head of the table and spoke first in meeting.

MEANWHILE the newer lights of the neo-Democratic aggregation unbushel themselves as opportunity offers. Mr. James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington (State), is the first to expose the responsibility of President McKinley for the doings in China. He is quoted as saying, "I charge the Chinese outrages on Americans directly upon the head of the Republican Administration." He insists that they are the direct result of our government's Chinese policy as lately announced.

Mr. William R. Hearst, of New York, is president of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and has issued an address to them, which is heavily loaded with exhortation and warning. "The spirit of militarism," he says, "marks every act of the national government." When we recall the unprecedented size of the type Mr. Hearst used in shooing Spanish despotism out of Cuba and the Philippines, the figure of him now crying out against militarism seems somewhat like that of a Saul among the prophets. But he is very earnest about it, and would not grudge red ink to his appeal if it seemed likely to make it any stronger.

Mr. Oliver Belmont has not been heard from yet, but it is unlikely that so ardent a leader was lost in the 16-to-1 crush at Kansas City, and doubtless he is saving himself up to buck the centre for Bryan when the heat is less intense and the Newport season less engrossing.

Mr. Webster Davis is one of the new Bryan recruits. He is already making speeches.

COLONEL EMERSON H. LISCUM, of the Ninth Infantry, killed in the attack on Tientsin on July 13, was born in Vermont, in 1841, and began his military service 20 years later, enlisting May 2, 1861, as corporal of the First Vermont Infantry. He served through the civil war, and came out with the rank of captain.

In the Spanish war he led the Twenty-fourth Infantry at San Juan Hill, and was wounded. For this service he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In April, 1899, he became Colonel of the Ninth Infantry, and went immediately to the Philippines, where for three months he commanded a brigade. He sailed for Taku on June 27.

MR. KIPLING had not gone to China at last accounts, but it need not surprise any one to learn at any time that he has started. When empires shut down for repairs he likes to be at the shop and see them tinkered.

Governor Roosevelt has not gone to China yet either, and it is hard to see how he can leave home just now in spite of the saw about a will and a way. But if there are as lively goings-on in China as most of the world anticipates it can hardly fail to be a sad summer for the Governor of New York.

THE plans for the Harvard Union, the new club that is to be built at Cambridge, and which is to take in everybody in the university that is clubable, are well along, and it seems likely that construction will begin this summer. The site finally settled upon is the estate lately left to the university by Henry C. Warren, of Boston. It is on Quincy Street, near the President's house and close by the Colonial Club. The size of the lot is ample, the grounds are pretty, its outlook is good, and it seems on the whole a very suitable place for the purpose. It might be a little nearer the colleges, but there is no nearer site which is on the whole so advantageous. The ground, being offered by the university, does not have to be bought out of the club fund, and that leaves more money for a building, which, apparently, is to be big, comfortable, and well adapted for its purposes. The effect of this club upon the social life of the university will be very interesting to watch and may be very beneficial. The fact that Cambridge is a no-license town will doubtless constrain it to follow the example of its neighbor, the Colonial Club, in selling no intoxicating beverages to its members.

IN some States it is unlawful this year to display flags which bear the names of Presidential candidates. Massachusetts, for example, has a statute, passed since the last Presidential election, which makes it unlawful to display a flag of the United States "upon which are any words, figures, advertisements, or design," except that flags of Grand Army posts, or of State or Federal organizations, may bear the names of battles, or of the organization to which they belong. In New York State a statute of analogous purport (chap. 12, Laws of 1899) makes it a misdemeanor to attach names to the flag or otherwise misuse it.

BELLE BOYD is dead. Every one who reads newspapers must have read about her at one time or another. She was the most famous woman spy of the civil war, a woman of talent, education, and beauty, well born and of great daring. She was seventeen years old when the civil war broke out, and being very ardent in her devotion to the South, she did what she could for her side. Her services were extremely valuable, and certain information in particular that she conveyed to Stonewall Jackson won her a commission as Captain and an honorary place on Jackson's staff. She was several times captured, twice condemned to be shot, and finally sent out of the country. She was married in London after the war to a Federal officer whom she had seduced from his allegiance. After his death, in 1869, she became an actress, married again, and in 1884 was divorced, and married a third time. For a good many years she gave lectures, especially at Grand Army encampments. She died at Kilbourne, Wisconsin.

THIS is the time of year when the advertising signs along the country roads stir the observer to indignant sympathy with the outraged landscape. Provided the indignation take a practical turn, it is not difficult to abate the more reprehensible advertisements along any stretch of road that the observer habitually travels. The ordinary advertisements of commerce, such as in the neighborhood of large towns, are tacked to the fences, trees, and telegraph posts, come off quite as easily as they go on. An excellent way to promote their disappearance is to interest young persons in them as objects proper for collection. The suggestion made to an active male child between the ages of twelve and fifteen, that road-side advertisements are worth one cent for two, has been known to sweep a mile of country road perfectly clean of these abominations within two hours' time. Of course, public notices proper to the country, such as auction bills, notices of cows strayed, or any notice that interests or concerns the rural population should be respected.

GENERAL OTIS spoke the other day at West Point of the Macabebe scouts, whom Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder of the Forty-third Infantry has been organizing near Manila into a squadron of cavalry for use against the Tagals. They are the hereditary foes of the Tagals, and there seem to be two motives for enlisting them and keeping them under discipline. One is to use them in fighting the insurgents; the other to have them under such control that their bellicosity may be regulated so that they won't fight the Tagals except when ordered. The order of General McArthur, under which this first squadron of native Filipino troops has been enlisted in the American service, has been received in Washington. The native scouts get about half as much pay as the American soldiers. They are enlisted "until the 6th day of June, 1901, unless sooner discharged." There is no doubt about their fighting qualities.

Biltmore Forest

THE great work that Mr. George W. Vanderbilt has had under way in the mountains of North Carolina has been of vast benefit to the people of Buncombe County, and is of general interest all over the country. The forestry operations are of unusual interest and importance. Mr. Vanderbilt has been most fortunate in securing the counsel of broad-minded men of experience and ability, and one of the chief of these, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, is responsible for having persuaded the master of Biltmore to so manage the woodlands of this vast estate that they would be improved, and the cuttings of lumber would pay for this beneficial work. If this could be done at this remote place, where wood was very cheap, and where the best trees on this estate had been cut long ago, then it could be done everywhere else. That this has been done at Biltmore is shown by the published balance-sheet of the operations.

The purchases of land for the estate comprised many farms of various sizes, and some of these had been partly under cultivation since the Colonial era.

The previous owners used without reserve all the resources of their scantily productive lands, and they therefore turned their cattle into the forest, and often burned over their woodlands for the sake of pasturage; they were in the habit of cutting all trees which could be used or sold as fuel, fencing, or saw-logs. Under such treatment the forest, originally of moderate quality, grew steadily worse, as the more valuable species of trees were removed and the less valuable ones remained to seed the ground and perpetuate their kind. The fertility of the soil was destroyed by fire, while the young trees which grew up plentifully in many places were cut back year after year by the browsing of cattle.

Previous to the engagement of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Mr. Vanderbilt's forester, there had been made an extensive topographical survey of the estate, so that Mr. Olmsted could lay out the roads and determine on the landscape features with which he was specially concerned. The lines of this survey divided the area into squares of five hundred feet, and Mr. Pinchot adopted these sections as the units of description in making a catalogue of the trees in the forest when he took charge of it. This description was in the form of a card catalogue, and so each section could be studied by itself.

With this information to guide him, Mr. Pinchot could act within the limitations that he was to do nothing immediately unprofitable and nothing that would be of injury to the forest. Any one who has observed the methods of ordinary lumbering knows that the smaller growths are as completely ruined as possible by the falling trees and by the handling of them in removal. A careful forester sees that trees felled under his management will do the least possible damage to the young trees, and in sawing them up and removing them the same carefulness is always required of the workmen. The two results are widely different. By the old method there are sad havoc and ruin; by the scientific method a young and improved and a vigorous forest is left standing. There is naturally a more immediate profit in the latter method, while the prospective profit is incalculably greater. As for the appearance of the thing, there can be no comparison whatever. After three years of management under a forester the woodlands at Biltmore are so improved in appearance that they seem to be in a different section of the country from those in the neighborhood of Asheville and outside the limits of Mr. Vanderbilt's estate. It must not be understood that these woodlands have been cleared of underbrush and made to look like city parks. Not at all. Such treatment would be most unscientific and injurious to forest growth. In clearing away, so that the ground may become carpeted with turf, the waste and dead leaves would have to be sacrificed, and then would be lost, in conjunction with too much light and air, that all important factor the vegetable mould.

In the treatment of the Biltmore forest Mr. Pinchot has had to be influenced by the character of the estate as a country residence, with its gardens, farms, deer-park, and woods carefully planned and planted. His working plans have therefore needed to be quite elastic, and he has never had the liberty of action that he might have had in a vast forest pure and simple. So Mr. Pinchot has in his plans had these three things in mind: first, profitable production, so that the forest would have direct utility; second, a nearly constant annual yield, so that there will be steady occupation for a trained force permanently organized; third, an improvement in the condition of the forest, without which its future would be nearly hopeless. These general objects he has hoped to attain by means of two systems of management—the regular high-forest system and the selection system. The first of these systems has been adopted on the east side of the French Broad River—the beautiful stream which flows through the estate—while the latter has been adopted on the west side. "In each case," says Mr. Pinchot, "the rotation, or the length of time in which a second crop becomes ripe on the same ground after the removal of the first, was fixed at 150 years. In a theoretically perfect forest, under the regular high-forest system, there would be as many subdivisions as there were years in the rotation. The trees of each subdivision would be of equal age, and would differ from those of the next subdivision by one year. In the present case, for instance, the oldest subdivision, bearing trees 150 years of age, would be ready for the axe; and the cutting, after passing over it, and then over all the others in succession, would reach it again at the end of 150 years. The selection forest in its perfect state has trees of all ages mixed together everywhere instead of being separated into groups of uniform age. The annual yield is taken each year from all parts of the forest. But under such a method transportation would manifestly be too costly for American conditions. Consequently the localized selection system was adopted in its place. Under it the annual yield comes from a restricted portion during several years, then from another portion during a like period, and so on until the cutting has passed over the whole forest. In the present case the yield will come from one-fifth of the area during each period of five years. Consequently the cutting will return over the same land once in twenty-five years."

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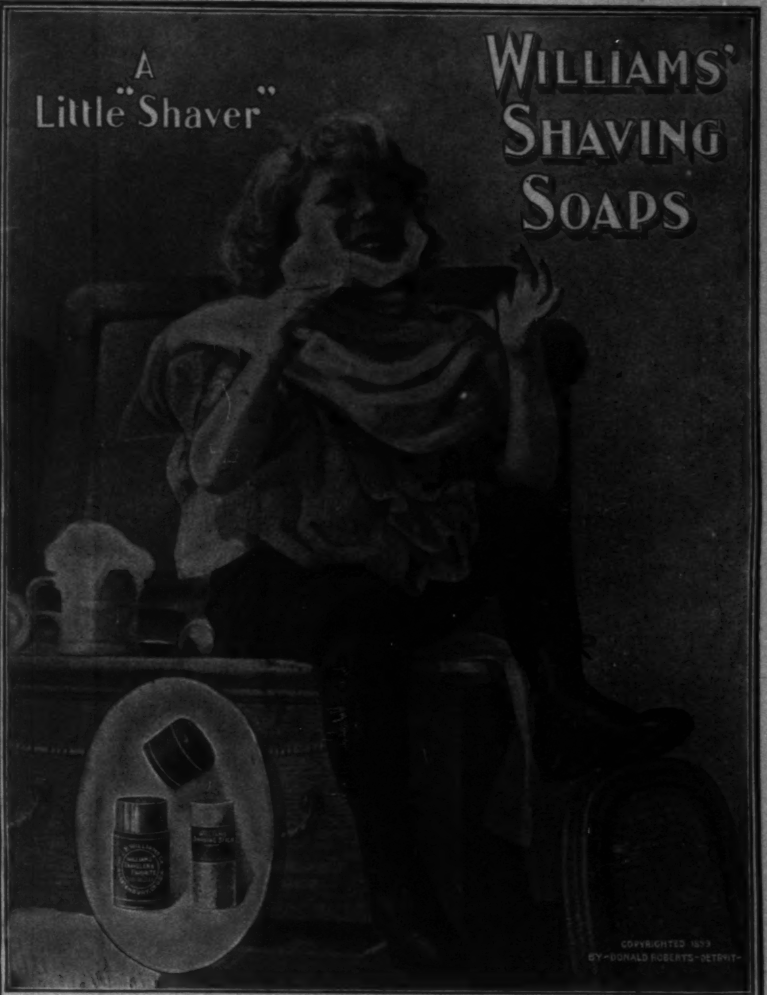

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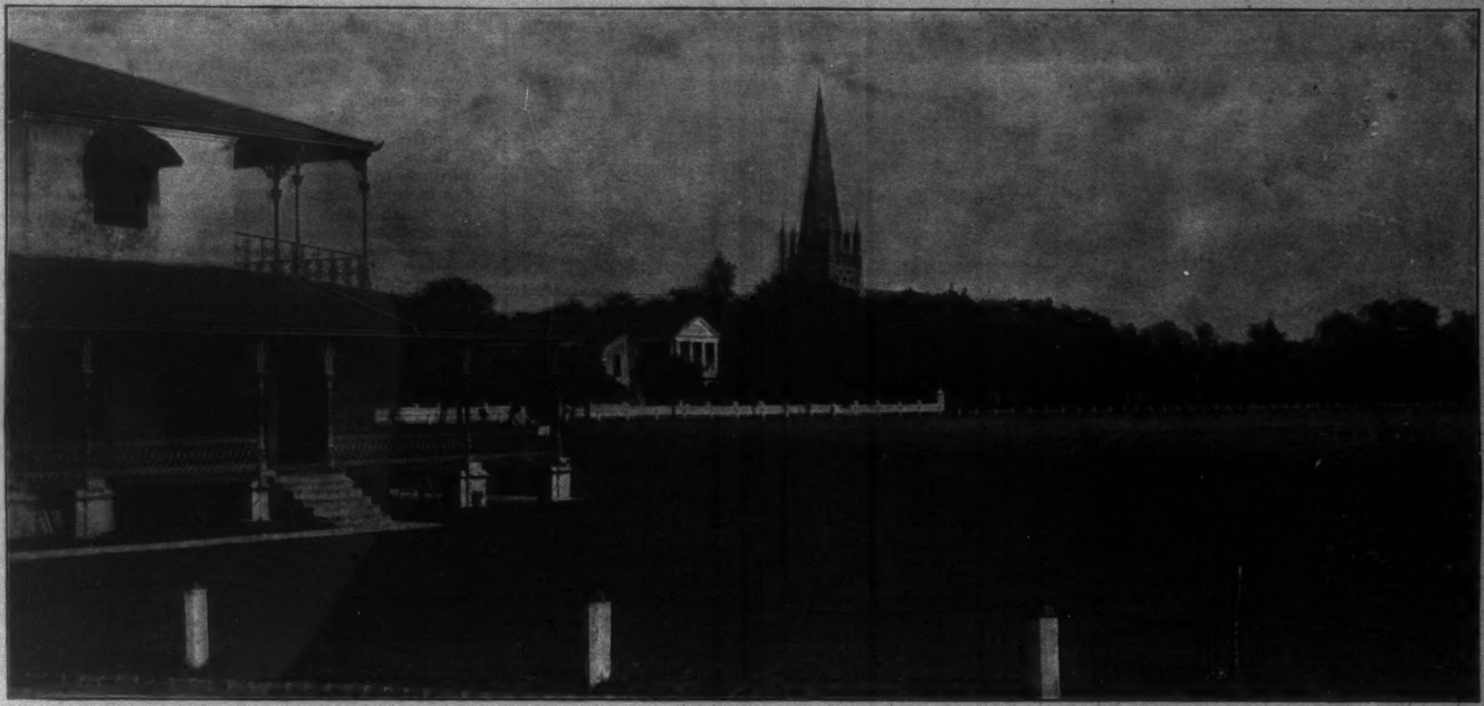


FOOTBALL AND CRICKET GROUNDS ON THE ESPLANADE, SINGAPORE.

SPORT IN INDIA. *By Caspar Whitney*

THE vast population of India comprises so many different types it is rather difficult to include them in one sweeping statement. Yet, so far as their sporting characteristics are concerned, one may classify them without great difficulty. Roughly speaking, the country may for our present purpose be divided into Bengal and the Madras Presidency on the eastern coast; Bombay on the west, and Rajputana, Punjab, and the Northwest Provinces on the north; and Mysore on the south. Pursuing the subject in mere outline—the Bengalis are a servile, weak-hearted lot, the Tamils of the Madras Presidency even more so; the Bombay Presidency people, which include the Parsees, are an improvement, the Rajputanas still better, and the Punjab and Northwest Province people the most manly and courageous of all. In other words, the northern tribes of India are the only ones of courage and address, and not only supply England with the best fighters of her Sepoys, but are the only ones native to the country in whom a love of sport is natural.

The native sport of India, however, has never extended over many fields or to many people. Games indigenous to the land were always exceedingly few, and have for the greater part faded from the memory of even tradition. The ancient polo at Manipur is of course known the world over, but I was considerably disappointed in its quality. Perhaps it has degenerated, but now it is little more than hockey on pony-back. Though the play is interesting because of the very diminutiveness of the ponies (which are only twelve hands high) and the picturesqueness of the players, yet it falls flat in comparison with the *pukka* (genuine) game. Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten that the present generation owes its polo to these Manipuris, because the English in India learned it from them, and sent the game on to England and thence to America. It may be as well also to remember that in the first English days of the game in India these Manipuris defeated their foreign opponents—as much, let me also add, through frightening the Englishmen's ponies by yelling and by the flapping of their huge stirrup leathers against their ponies' sides as by superiority of play.

The sporting instinct of the northern tribesman turned,

BOAT-CLUB HOUSE, RANGOON, BURMAH.

however, rather to hunting and to wild-beast fights than to the tamer amusement of mere games. It is quite likely that in the days of the Moguls, when human life was lightly held and as lightly sold, if only it provided a Rajah's afternoon amusement, there were fights between men and wild beasts and between wild beasts of various kinds which provided real excitement. But certainly the relics of those wild-beast combats, with which nowadays some up-country Rajah attempts occasional entertainment, are most stupid. One held recently promised combats between elephants, buffaloes, and goats, and the only good fighting was by the goats. Both the elephants and the buffaloes seemed on very friendly terms, one with the other, and apparently had no intention of putting an abrupt, much less painful, ending to an occupation less fatiguing than domestic service. The elephants poked each other gently in the side, grunting in good humor the while, and between these friendly exchanges they parted, and facing about, trumpeted shrilly, and lest the Rajah detect their mutual good feeling, blew sand with great gusto into one another's face.

The buffaloes were huge brutes, and looked as if they could butt down a house; but they too were evidently not disposed to resort to unnecessary violence, and locking horns, pushed one another about the arena, with much pawing of earth and amid great excitement on the arena walls. These buffaloes are bred by the Rajahs especially for fighting, and have horns of tremendous girth. The arena itself was, I should judge, about a quarter-mile oval (perhaps a little larger and more oblong than oval), surrounded by a thick stone wall twelve feet high, and for as many feet backed by a solid earth embankment. At frequent intervals around the wall are narrow openings, through which the luckless attendants employed in some of the elaborate fighting spectacles make good their escape when their intrusion is resented by the principal performers. The soil in the footway did not look worn.

There was another bloodless combat the same afternoon that was quite as novel, and, I must say, just about as uninteresting. It was wrestling between several pairs of men from Baroda, which, together with Cutch, is the home of a class of professional gladiators of this type. The men were, with few exceptions, great beefy creatures, with pendent stomachs, and, except for physiognomy and color of skin, the counterpart of the wrestlers I had seen in Japan, only their work was less interesting and not so workmanlike. They entered the ring clothed only

THE ROYAL BOMBAY YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

A GROUP OF INDIAN WRESTLERS.

in a very tightly drawn loin-cloth, and their bodies glistened with the generous coating of oil that had been given them. They did the usual walk-around and gesture-making which the native of the Orient appears to regard as an essential preliminary to all physical effort, and following it by a few passes with the arms, they suddenly closed and dropped to the ground. There was a suggestion of the catch-as-catch-can style in this and in their subsequent work, if it may be called work, for the greater part of the time it looked as though, locked in each other's arms, they were discussing the prospects of the coming rice crop. Now and again the pair would disentangle, and with a blowing and grunting that must of itself have required much physical effort, proceed in turn to pull each other's head through his own legs. There was a great deal of grabbing at the groin, and hugging and pulling at the stomach. Finally, out of a cloud of dust, one man arose, and everybody shouted.

These men are really famed throughout native India, great feats of strength being attributed to them; and I was told in Calcutta that in a match, several years ago, between one of them and an ex-champion of England, the Indian was victorious. They are a professional class, kept and bred by the wealthy up-country Rajahs for their especial amusement, and rarely seen except at royal entertainments. They are big and stout, and undoubtedly powerful; but the skill of their wrestling seems insignificant to one who has seen really good work in England and America.

The wrestling and the animal-fighting are confined to the up-country districts; elsewhere the Indian, if he takes to any branch of sport, follows in the footsteps of the Englishman. There are English cantonments all over India, and wherever there is a cantonment there is sport, of as many varieties as the number of residents and character of the immediate country will permit.

In Burma the facilities are considerable, and many different kinds of sport are maintained. At Rangoon is a very attractive gymkhana club, with excellent dirt lawn-tennis courts, while on the other side of the road from the club is a large field where polo and several games of football and cricket may be carried on simultaneously. Near by is a very fair golf-course.

The word gymkhana has a wider significance in the Far East than we give it in America or, if I mistake not, than is given it in England. We use the word to describe a distinct kind of sport in which man and pony, ladle and eggs, umbrellas and cigars, thread and needles, combine to make an afternoon's fun. In India the word, as applied to a club, indicates an institution that supports a variety of games. For instance, the Gymkhana Club of Rangoon is devoted to football, cricket, polo, lawn-tennis, and golf, and there is a larger boating interest than at any other Eastern settlement, for which a picturesquely situated boat-house is well equipped for the sport.

The native of Burma does not differ materially from his neighbors in matters pertaining to sport; he is also disinclined to athletic endeavor; but on the other hand is the most enthusiastic and good-natured spectator of the efforts of others. In his relish for sport he is perhaps even keener than the Malay. Apart from the football which I have already described as played in Siam, the Burman has now no native sport to which he gives very much attention; but wrestling of the usual Asiatic pattern is traditional, though one must search far and long to find those who will give you an exhibition of it. The boats, in pattern, are somewhat like those of the Siamese, though much fewer in numbers and type, but the Burman gets more pleasure out of his craft than his neighbor over the line, and his house-boat is an excursion and a living craft continuously in use. English Burma and the Burman take their deepest pleasure in horse-racing, and though the latter does not ride, none follows the horses with keener interest, nor views the racing with more visible delight. The Burman is a child in his pleasures, and takes his enjoyment with true youthful abandon.

There is no sport possible to the country that India is without, and Calcutta, the capital, is rightfully equipped with a plant of utmost completeness. Nowhere in the world is there a recreation-field of such extent as the *maidan*, which for about three miles in length and fully one mile in width, quite in the city, and on one side running down to the Hoogley, is a series of meadows devoted to sport of all kinds. At its lower end it begins with Eden Gardens, which contain an excellent athletic field with turf running-track, and a small park where one or the other of two regimental bands plays every evening from six to seven. At the upper end of the *maidan* are the grounds and stands of the racing club, which are large enough for a one-mile-and-a-quarter track, with steeple-courses and polo-fields within the oval.

On both sides and at each end of the *maidan*, and through its centre, from the race-course to the Gardens, run broad driveways, where every afternoon at five all Calcutta takes its daily airing. On both sides of the driveways, from the Gardens to the race-track, are fields for hockey, lacrosse, cricket, lawn-tennis, and ponds for yacht-model racing, while around these and over the *maidan* extends a golf-course of character so easy as to suggest lawn-billiards. And on the *maidan* every evening during the three winter months, December, January, and February—when exercise is possible in Calcutta—one may see play at all these games.

There are no athletic clubs recruited, as in England or America, but various industrial and military and naval institutions organize clubs within themselves and hold meetings; for example, there are the Naval Volunteers Club and the Telegraph Recreation Club, etc. Once a year, in February, these and others combine to hold the Presidency Athletic Meeting, which is in reality the championship event of the Bengal Presidency; the word presidency being applied to the various districts into which English India is divided. The only athletic club open to general membership is that within the Y.M.C.A., which, however, devotes itself more largely to hockey, and has recently imported the first gymnasium apparatus seen at Calcutta. There are two colleges at Calcutta for the natives; one of these has an excellent athletic field, and both hold sports every winter. There is a swimming and a rowing club, and not a great deal of either sport; but the bicycle is popular, though the racing, done on a hard turf track without elevated corners, is chiefly confined to the soldiers, who are continuously holding sports of various kinds—mostly football and track athletics—throughout the winter.

While the native Bengali holds annual sports at his college, and can be seen every afternoon playing Association football, lawn-tennis, and hockey, yet is he an indifferent factor in any one. They do not attain high skill, even though a native fifteen actually did defeat a scrub English team two years ago. The fact is, the Bengali is entirely without sporting blood, and pursues these several games merely in imitation of the English, and as an imagined part of that eagerly sought educative process which removes caste, gives them the coveted title of *baboo* (gentleman), and is the real cause of the "unrest" of which we have recently heard so much. The malcontents of India are these *baboos*, who, educated by the government and raised from the depths of degradation and lowest caste, now murmur and threaten because, forsooth, the government cannot find lucrative positions for them all. England has treated these people too generously, too kindly—that is the real reason of the trouble. But of that subject I may later have that to say which is based on my own investigation in India, hysterical data to which both England and America have been treated by radicals and a sensational press. The trouble on the frontier has no connection with the much discussed "unrest" in India; neither had the recent riots at Calcutta and at Bombay.

The polo of India is, on an average, thoroughly good, but of not so high a class as the game played in England or in America. For this the difference in ponies is partly responsible. The Indian Association permits no ponies over 13.2, and the average that comes within that measurement is not fast, and has a villanous temper. There is considerable difficulty in getting good ponies, and a fair one averages upwards of 1000 rupees (about $330 gold), though the best bring as high as 3000 rupees. Despite his increased value, the pony of to-day is no better than ten years ago, when prices were not so long by one-third, and regimental players—officers with private means beyond their pay—are responsible for the inflation of prices. Ponies are picked up wherever they can be found—Australia of recent years supplying many, as the same country does indeed supply the majority of the race-horses of Malaya and India. Polo is played wherever regiments are stationed, and that means pretty well all over India. Among the native regiments some excellent material is developed, and in the northern part are a couple of teams of high-caste Indians that reveal first quality of play. There is one at Jeypore, in fact, which has rarely been beaten.

Racing from point to point or on the flat is as general throughout India as polo, and, as elsewhere in the East, flat racing is largely professional, with a few events for gentleman riders. There is indeed much unhappiness among Eastern sportsmen, who see racing monopolized by the professional, with £ s. d. rather than sport as the incentive. Too little attention is given the sportsmen's wishes by the officers of the race clubs everywhere, and too few of the limited number of gentlemen's events that are granted are suitable for the average sportsman, who, perhaps a bit heavy, is none the less fit, and regrets to lose good sport because he has neither time nor inclination to train down to professional jockey form. Gymkhana clubs and events are numerous, and many of the clubs even have racquet-courts; Calcutta has two; there is but one tennis-court in India, and that belongs to an up-country English-educated Rajah. The untenanted palace at Agra of the once mighty Akbar provides excellent in-door lawn-tennis courts, which are used by the local garrison.

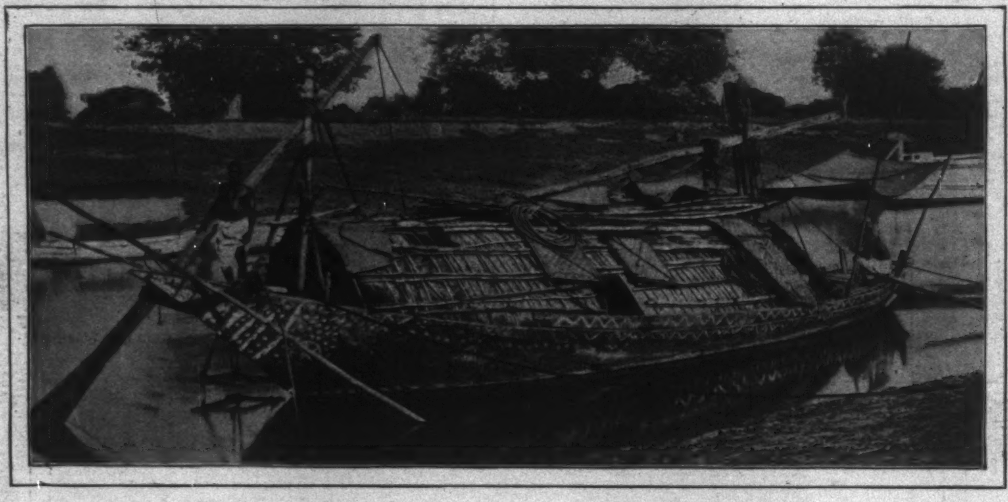
Riding to hounds attracts very fair fields at a number of the larger settlements, and the "fox" is a jackal, who not invariably has the gameness of Reynard, but nevertheless gives a majority of good runs. Hounds are imported from England, and there are kennels at Bombay, Benares, Poona, and at several other cantonments. At Calcutta paper chases take the place of following hounds, and attract large fields. Madras and Bombay are both large and active centres of sport, where polo, golf, cricket, football, and gymkhana clubs abound, and this in a less degree is true of Lucknow, Delhi, Benares, Agra, Simla, and all the other important up-country posts. There is less of the native element seen on the play-ground at Madras, and also at Bombay, than at Calcutta, but at Bombay, with its 900,000 people (the second in population in the British kingdom), there are many Parsees, and these have gone in largely for cricket, and play a tolerably fair game. The sport of Bombay is quite as varied as that of Calcutta, and, despite its bad name, the former, when not plague-ridden, is a much more attractive and active city. A horse show is among its annual out-of-door entertainments, and there are polo and horse-racing of the first quality.

The most attractive daily rendezvous of Bombay, however, is the yacht club house, with its restaurant, large and comfortable lounging quarters, its band that plays on the lawn four nights a week, and its attractive location at the water's edge. Nor is its only entertainment social, for races are held frequently among its fleet of lateen-rigged one-raters, that afford exceeding good sport.

To those sportsmen of India who seek more stirring adventure, there is pig-sticking, and a fair amount of big game in several districts, though the fearful slaughter visited upon the game by that kind of creature who likes a big bag has lessened the sport very considerably. Rajahs and that type of wealthy English shooter who gauges his sport by the extent of his kill have, by repeatedly organized hunts of immense scope, joined with rinderpest in making the sportsman work harder and go farther afield for his trophies. For instance, when the Duke of Portland visited India, the King of Nepaul gave a hunt in his honor, in which there were employed 900 elephants, and 14,000 beaters and followers! There were 30 guns, and the bag of deer and small game was enormous, while of tigers there were 66, and rhinoceros 160! Curious idea of sport that!

In point of fact, the visiting sportsman will get no shooting worth the while in India unless he enlists official or royal (native) aid. Without he has letters to some of the high officers in government service, or to a wealthy rajah, he might as well stop at home. Large tracts of hunting country belong to rajahs, and they close it to all save those whom they invite; elsewhere you will not be able to get trackers and guides without the assistance of those of influence, and practically everywhere in India you must have elephants for beating out your game, the more elephants the better your chance of success.

You may have a little fun and perhaps the good luck of a shot with say twenty elephants, but if you wish to hunt thoroughly one hundred are needful. The usual number used on such occasions as a hunt by the rajahs or high officials is about 300. Needless to say hunting on such a scale is expensive for the visiting sportsman, who may always reckon on paying in one way and another for everything he gets. The daily keep of an elephant is about a dollar.



THE NATIVE FREIGHT AND HOUSE BOAT OF INDIA.

MR. DOOLEY*

XXXI.—ON A SOCIETY SCANDAL

"WELL, sir, I guess I'm not up on etiket," said Mr. Dooley.

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"I've been readin' about Willum Waldorf Asthor," replied Mr. Dooley, "an' th' throuble he had with a la-ad that bummed his way into his party. Ye see, Hinnissy, Willum Waldorf Asthor give a party at his large an' commodjious house in London. That's where he lives—in London—though he r-runs a hotel in New York, where ye can see half th' State iv Ioway near anny night, they tell me. Well, he give this party on a gran' scale, an' bought gr-reat slathers iv food an' dhrink, an' invited th' neighbors an' th' neighbors' childher. But wan man he wouldn't have. He's goin' over th' list iv th' people that's to come, an' he says to his sicrety: 'Scratch that boy. Him an' me bump as we pass by.' He didn't want this fellow, ye see, Hinnissy. I don't know why. They was dissatisfaction between thim over a dice game or something; annyhow he says, 'Scratch him,' an' he was out iv it.

"Well, wan night, th' fellow was settin' down f'r a bite to eat with Lady O——, an' Lady S——, an' Lady G——, an' Lady Y——, an' other ladies that had lost their names, an' says wan iv thim, 'Cap,' she says, 'ar-re you goin' to Asthor's doin's to-night?' she says. 'Not that I know iv,' says th' Cap. 'He hasn't sint me anny wurrud that I'm wanted,' he says. 'What differ does it make?' says th' lady. 'Write an invitation f'r ye'rsilf on ye'er cuff an' come along with us,' says she. 'I'll do it,' says the Cap, an' he sint f'r an automobile an' goes along.

"Well, ivrything was all r-right f'r awhile, an' th' Cap was assaultin' a knuckle iv ham an' a shell iv beer, whin Willum Waldorf Asthor comes up an' taps him on th' shoulder an' says, 'Duck.' 'What name?' says th' Cap. 'Asthor,' says Willum. 'Oh,' says th' Cap, 'ye'er th' American gazabo that owns this hut,' he says. 'I am,' says Willum. 'I can't go,' says th' Cap. 'Ye didn't ask me here an' ye can't sind me away,' he says. 'Gassoon, another shell iv malt, an' dhraw it more slow,' he says. 'I am an English gintleman an' I know me rights,' he says. 'Dure or window?' says Willum. 'Take ye'er choice,' he says. 'If ye insist,' says th' Cap, 'I'll take th' dure,' he says, 'but ye don't know th' customs iv civilization.'

"Well, Willum Waldorf Asthor was that mad, he wint down to his pa-aper office, an' says he, 'I want to put in an item,' he says, an' he put it in. 'It is wished,' he says, 'to be apprihinded,' he says, 'be those desirous not to have been misinformed,' he says, 'concernin' th' recent appearance iv Cap Sir Mills at me party,' he says, 'that 'twas not be me that said Cap Sir Mills come to be on th' site,' he says, 'but rather,' he says, 'through a desire on th' part iv Cap Sir Mills to butt into a party to which his invitation was lost about three hours befure 'twas written,' he says.

"Well, now, ye'd think that was all right, wuddent ye? Ye'd say Asthor acted mild whin he didn't take down his goold ice pick from th' wall an' bate th' Cap over th' head. Th' Cap, though a ganial soul, had no business there. 'Twas Willum Waldorf Asthor that paid f'r th' ice cream an' rented th' chiny. But that's where ye'd be wrong, an' that's where I was wrong. Whin th' Prince iv Wales heerd iv it he was furious. 'What,' he says, 'is an English gintleman goin' to be pegged out iv dures be a mere American be descent?' he says. 'A man,' he says, 'that hasn't an entail to his name,' he says. 'An American's home in London is an Englishman's castle,' he says. 'As th' late Willum E. Gladstone said, th' furniture may go out iv it, th' constable may enter, th' mortgage may fall on th' rooned roof, but a thrue Englishman 'll niver leave,' he says, 'while th' 's food an' dhrink,' he says. 'Willum Waldorf Asthor has busted th' laws iv hospitality an' made a monkey iv a lile subjick iv th' queen,' he says. 'Hinceforth,' he says, 'be's ast to no picnics iv th' Buckingham Palace Chowder Club,' he says. Nex' day Willum Waldorf Asthor met him at th' races where he was puttin' down a bit iv money an' spoke to him, an' the Prince iv Wales gave him wan in th' eye. He must 've had something in his hand, f'r th' pa-aper said he cut him. P'raps his scipter. An' now no wan'll speak to Willum Waldorf Asthor, an' he's not goin' to be a jook at all, an' he may have to come back here an' be nachuralized over again like a Bohemian. He's all broke up about it. He's gone to Germany to take a bath."

"Lord, help us," said Mr. Hennessy, "can't he get wan nearer home?"

"It seems not," said Mr. Dooley. "Mebbe th' Prince iv Wales has had th' wather cut off. He has a big pull with th' people in th' city hall."

F.-P. DUNNE.

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

IT was thought, a few weeks ago, that the shipping of gold from this country to Europe was over for the season, but something over $2,000,000 more has just been sent to Paris in the form of bars from the assay office. The movement is to be accounted for, like those which preceded it, by special conditions abroad. For the fiscal year ending June 30 our exports exceeded imports by more than $544,000,000, but how much of this was a real "balance" it is hard to say. Export figures are more close to value than those of imports, though undervaluation of the latter is less than it used to be. Freight charges go mostly to foreign corporations, and deduct from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 from the balance. Much American money has gone abroad this year on account of the Paris Exposition. The serious state of affairs in China is much more disturbing in Europe than in this country, and is ominous of increased public loans, as well as depressing to speculative operations in stocks. Consequently, there has been more selling than buying of American securities of late in London and Berlin.

These circumstances account in a measure for the advance here in foreign exchange, which has made the drawing of gold from us easier. London has lately been losing gold to the Continent, and the Bank of England has advanced its rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. to protect its reserve, and this helps the movement as well as the continued high rate for money in Germany. Besides, we still have gold to spare. While something over $2,000,000 has gone to Europe in a week, there are reports of over $5,000,000 coming here from the Klondike, and $2,500,000 from Australia, to say nothing of the output within the country. There is about $425,000,000 of gold coin and bullion in the United States Treasury, and at least as much more in the vaults of national banks. The increased volume of bank-notes, amounting to about $70,000,000 since the refunding act was passed in March, doubtless makes it easier to draw our gold away, but the reserves are still strong, and the surplus in the New York banks has been gaining. The movement in their favor has increased of late, but it is likely to be reversed in a few weeks by the demand for money to "move the crops," though the increase of small banks in the West and South may somewhat diminish this demand.

Money has continued plentiful and "easy" in the Eastern centres, with no material change in rates for loans, but there is some expectation of a change in this condition on a reversal of the interior currency movement.

Stock operations are still dull and irregular. Reports of railroad earnings are favorable, with a few exceptions among the "grangers," like St. Paul, for instance, and for the first half-year the increase in gross earnings is estimated at fully $85,000,000 over last year, the estimate being based upon actual reports from about four-fifths of the mileage. Such gains are not likely to continue for the rest of the year, for there is an acknowledged falling off in traffic. The gains are, in fact, partly due to better rates since January 1, rather than increased business. There has been some improvement in dividends, and there is a report, apparently authentic, that the Baltimore and Ohio common stock is soon to be put upon a four-per-cent. basis. Railroad stocks generally have been firm, though trading in most of them is very light.

There are some indications that iron and steel are reaching bottom prices, and there begin to be reports of large orders and new contracts, though there is still a curtailing of production here and there. The lower prices are not only starting up some buyers who have been waiting, but is provoking inquiry from abroad and stimulating export. That is a sure sign that prices are near the bottom, but no great activity is now looked for until summer is over. Business generally is dragging during the hot weather. The unfavorable crop reports seem to have pretty well run out, and although the yield of wheat will be considerably less than last year, the outlook is, on the whole, a hopeful one. The price of wheat has been falling, while that of cotton keeps up.

The price of refined sugar has been carried up to 6.10 cents a pound, following an advance in the raw, due to unfavorable reports of the crop in Louisiana and the West Indies, and an unusual demand for the product. The refiners have held together in putting up the price, and the American Company, or the "Trust," is doing a profitable business again, and its stock has made a substantial advance.

Foreign complications and domestic politics exercise a somewhat depressing influence, but so far, not a seriously disturbing one.

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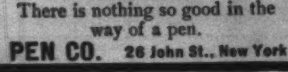

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